

LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.

No. 1209. — 3 August, 1867.

CONTENTS.

	PAGE
1. Mimicry, and other Protective Resemblances among Animals	<i>Westminster Review</i> , 259
2. An Attempt to Ascend Mount Ararat	<i>Sunday Magazine</i> , 282
3. Boodle's and Crockford's Clubs	<i>London Society</i> , 291
4. Brownlows. Part 7	<i>Blackwood's Magazine</i> , 292
5. The Fate of Maximilian	<i>Spectator</i> , 306
6. Maximilian's Sowing and Reaping	<i>Daily News</i> , 307
7. Execution of Maximilian	<i>Examiner</i> , 308
8. The Emperor Maximilian	<i>Saturday Review</i> , 310
9. Lord Lyons	" " 311
10. Copsley Annals, Preserved in Proverbs	<i>Spectator</i> , 312
11. Maid-Servants' Parasols	" " 314
12. Pompeii	<i>Saturday Review</i> , 316
13. Amusements	<i>Good Words</i> , 320

POETRY: Praxiteles and Phryne, 258. Summer Idleness, 258.

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY BY
LITTELL & GAY, BOSTON.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

FOR EIGHT DOLLARS, remitted directly to the Publishers, the Living Age will be punctually forwarded for a year, free of postage. But we do not prepay postage on less than a year; nor where we have to pay a commission for forwarding the money.

Price of the First Series, in Cloth, 36 volumes, 90 dollars.

Second " " 20 " 50 "

Third " " 32 " 80 "

The Complete work 88 " 220 "

Any Volume Bound, 3 dollars; Unbound, 2 dollars. The sets, or volumes, will be sent at the expense the publishers.

PRAXITELES AND PHRYNE.

A THOUSAND silent years ago,
The starlight faint and pale
Was drawing on the sunset glow
Its soft and shadowy veil ;

When from his work the Sculptor stayed
His hand, and turned to one
Who stood beside him, half in shade,
Said, with a sigh, " 'Tis done."

" Phryne, thy human lips shall pale,
Thy rounded limbs decay,
Nor love nor prayers can aught avail
To bid thy beauty stay ;

" But there thy smile for centuries
On marble lips shall live,—
For Art can grant what Love denies,
And fix the fugitive.

" Sad thought ! nor age nor death shall fade
The youth of this cold bust ;
When the quick brain and hand that made,
And thou and I, are dust !

" When all our hopes and fears are dead,
And both our hearts are cold,
And Love is like a tune that's played,
And Life a tale that's told,

" This counterfeit of senseless stone,
That no sweet blush can warm,
The same enchanting look shall own,
The same enchanting form.

" And there upon that silent face
Shall unborn ages see
Perennial youth, perennial grace,
And sealed serenity.

" And strangers, when we sleep in peace,
Shall say, not quite unmoved,
So smiled upon Praxiteles
The Phryne whom he loved."

W. W. S.

— *Blackwood's Magazine*.

SUMMER IDLENESS.

UNDER "a roof of pine,"
To hear the ringdove brood,
With the sorrow of love long past,
Thrilling the listening wood ;

Deep 'mid the clustering firs,
Where the nightingale sings all day,
To hide in the darkness sweet,
Where the sunbeam finds no way.

To ramble from field to field,
Where the poppy is all on flame,
All but the little black coal
At its core, that's still the same ;
And where the "speedwell" blue
Cheers with its two kind words.
And the wild rose burns with a blush
At the flattery of the birds.

To bask on a grassy cliff,
Lazily watching the sail,
The blue plains of the deeper sea,
And the shallows emerald pale ;
The breezes' rippling track,
And the sea birds flickering white
Athwart the rosy cloud
And under the golden light.

In the haycock sweet and dry,
To lazily nestle down,
When half the field is gray and shorn,
And half the field waves brown ;
'Mid the clumps of purple thyme,
When the evening sky is red,
To lie and rest on the flowers
One's Epicurean head.

Or better, amid the corn,
To turn on one's lazy back,
And see the lark upborn
Over the drifting wrack ;
To hear the field mouse run
To its nest in the swinging stalk ;
And see the timorous hare
Limp over the hedge-side walk.

Such are the summer joys
That Epicureans love ;
Men with no morrow to heed,
Heeding no cloud above ;
Grasshopper-men, that sing
Their little Summer through,
And when the Winter comes,
Hide from the frost and dew.

Happy the man whose heart
Is granite against Time's frost,
Whose Summer of calm content
In Autumn's never lost ;
Who, when care comes with clouds
That gather from East and West,
Has still a changeless heart,
And sunshine in his breast.

— *Chambers's Journal*.

From the Westminster Review.

MIMICRY, AND OTHER PROTECTIVE RESEMBLANCES AMONG ANIMALS.

1. *Contributions to an Insect Fauna of the Amazon Valley. Lepidoptera: Heliconiidae.* By HENRY WALTER BATES. (Transactions of the Linnean Society. Vol. XXIII.)
2. *On the Phenomena of Variation and Geographical Distribution, as illustrated by the Papilionidae of the Malayan Region.* By ALFRED R. WALLACE. (Transactions of the Linnean Society. Vol. XXV.)
3. *On the Disguises of Nature; being an Inquiry into the laws which regulate external form and colour in Plants and Animals.* By ANDREW MURRAY, F.R.S.E. (Edinburgh New Philosophical Journal. 1860.)
4. *On the Origin of Species by means of Natural Selection, or the Preservation of Favoured Races in the Struggle for Life.* By CHARLES DARWIN, M. A., F.R.S., &c. 4th edition.

THERE is no more convincing proof of the truth of a comprehensive theory than its power of absorbing and finding a place for new facts, and its capability of interpreting phenomena which had been previously looked upon as unaccountable anomalies. It is thus that the law of universal gravitation and the undulatory theory of light have become established and universally accepted by men of science. Fact after fact has been brought forward as being apparently inconsistent with them, and one after another these very facts have been shown to be the consequences of the laws they were at first supposed to disprove. A false theory will never stand this test. Advancing knowledge brings to light whole groups of facts which it cannot deal with, and its advocates steadily decrease in numbers, notwithstanding the ability and scientific skill with which it may have been supported. The great name of Edward Forbes did not prevent his theory of "Polarity in the distribution of Organic beings in Time," from dying a natural death; but the most striking illustration of the behaviour of a false theory is to be found in the "Circular and Quinarian System" of classification propounded by MacLeay, and developed by Swainson, with an amount of knowledge and ingenuity that have rarely been surpassed. This theory was eminently attrac-

tive, both from its symmetry and completeness, and from the interesting nature of the varied analogies and affinities which it brought to light and made use of. The series of Natural History volumes in "Lardner's Cabinet Cyclopædia," in which Mr. Swainson developed it in most departments of the animal kingdom, made it widely known; and in fact for a long time these were the best and almost the only popular text books for the rising generation of naturalists. It was favourably received too by the older school, which was perhaps rather an indication of its unsoundness. A considerable number of well-known naturalists either spoke approvingly of it, or advocated similar principles, and for a good many years it was decidedly in the ascendant. With such a favourable introduction, and with such talented exponents, it must have become established if it had had any germ of truth in it; yet it quite died out in a few short years, its very existence is now a matter of history, and so rapid was its fall that its talented creator, Swainson, perhaps lived to be the last man who believed in it.

Such is the course of a false theory. That of a true one is very different, as may be well seen by the progress of opinion on the subject of Natural Selection. In less than eight years "The Origin of Species" has produced conviction in the minds of a majority of the most eminent living men of science. New facts, new problems, new difficulties as they arise are accepted, solved or removed by this theory; and its principles are illustrated by the progress and conclusions of every other well established branch of human knowledge. It is the object of the present article to show how it has recently been applied to connect together and explain a variety of curious facts which had long been considered as inexplicable anomalies.

Perhaps no principle has ever been announced so fertile in results as that which Mr. Darwin so earnestly impresses upon us, and which is indeed a necessary deduction from the theory of Natural Selection, namely — that none of the definite facts of organic nature, no special organ, no characteristic form or marking, no peculiarities of instinct or of habit, no relations between species or between group of species — can exist, but which must now be or once have been *useful* to the individuals or the races which possess them. This great principle gives us a clue which we can follow out in the study of many recondite phenomena, and leads us to seek a meaning and a purpose of some

definite character in minutæ which we should be otherwise almost sure to pass over as insignificant or unimportant.

The adaptation of the external colouring of animals to their conditions of life has long been recognised, and has been imputed either to an originally created specific peculiarity or to the direct action of climate, soil, or food. Where the former explanation has been accepted, it has completely checked inquiry, since we could never get any further than the fact of the adaptation. There was nothing more to be known about the matter. The second explanation was soon found to be quite inadequate to deal with all the varied phases of the phenomena, and to be contradicted by many well-known facts. For example, wild rabbits are always of grey or brown tints well suited for concealment among grass and fern. But when these rabbits are domesticated, without any change of climate or food, they vary into white or black, and these varieties may be multiplied to any extent, forming white or black races. Exactly the same thing has occurred with pigeons; and in the case of rats and mice, the white variety has not been shown to be at all dependent on alteration of climate, food, or other external conditions. In many cases the wings of an insect not only assume the exact tint of the bark or leaf it is accustomed to rest on, but the form and veining of the leaf or the exact rugosity of the bark is imitated; and these detailed modifications cannot be reasonably imputed to climate or to food, since in many cases the species does not feed on the substance it resembles, and, when it does, no reasonable connexion can be shown to exist between the supposed cause and the effect produced. It was reserved for the theory of Natural Selection to solve all these problems, and many others which were not at first supposed to be directly connected with them. To make these latter intelligible, it will be necessary to give a sketch of the whole series of phenomena which may be classed under the head of useful or protective resemblances.

Concealment more or less complete is useful to many animals, and absolutely essential to some. Those which have numerous enemies from which they cannot escape by rapidity of motion, find safety in concealment. Those which prey upon others must also be so constituted as not to alarm them by their presence or their approach, or they would soon die of hunger. Now it is remarkable in how many cases nature gives this boon to the animal, by colouring it with such tints as may best serve to enable it to

escape from its enemies or to entrap its prey. Desert animals as a rule are desert-coloured. The lion is a typical example of this, and must be almost invisible when crouched upon the sand or among desert rocks and stones. Antelopes are all more or less sandy-coloured. The camel is pre-eminently so. The Egyptian cat and the Pampas cat are sandy or earth-coloured. The Australian kangaroos are of the same tints, and the original colour of the wild horse is supposed to have been a sandy or clay-colour.

The desert birds are still more remarkably protected by their assimilative hues. The stonechats, the larks, the quails, the goatsuckers and the grouse, which abound in the North African and Asiatic deserts, are all tinted and mottled so as to resemble with wonderful accuracy the average colour and aspect of the soil in the district they inhabit. The Rev. H. Tristram in his account of the ornithology of North Africa in the 1st volume of the "Ibis," says, "In the desert, where neither trees, brushwood, nor even undulation of the surface, afford the slightest protection to its foes, a modification of colour which shall be assimilated to that of the surrounding country, is absolutely necessary. Hence, *without exception*, the upper plumage of *every bird*, whether lark, chat, sylvian, or sand grouse, and also the fur of *all the smaller mammals*, and the skin of *all the snakes and lizards*, is of one uniform isabelline or sand colour." After the testimony of so able an observer, it is unnecessary to adduce further examples of the protective colours of desert animals.

Almost equally striking are the cases of arctic animals possessing the white colour that best conceals them upon snowfields and icebergs. The polar bear is the only bear that is white, and it lives constantly among snow and ice. The arctic fox, the ermine, and the alpine hare, change to white in winter only, because in summer white would be more conspicuous than any other colour, and therefore a danger rather than a protection; but the American polar hare, inhabiting regions of almost perpetual snow, is white all the year round. Other animals inhabiting the same Northern regions do not, however, change colour. The sable is a good example, for throughout the severity of a Siberian winter it retains its rich brown fur. But its habits are such that it does not need the protection of colour, for it is said to be able to subsist on fruits and berries in winter, and to be so active upon the trees as to catch small birds among the branches. So also the wood-

chuck of Canada has a dark-brown fur; but then it lives in burrows, and frequents river banks, catching fish and small animals that live in or near the water.

Among birds the ptarmigan is a fine example of protective colouring. Its summer plumage so exactly harmonizes with the lichen-coloured stones among which it delights to sit, that a person may walk through a flock of them without seeing a single bird; while in winter its white plumage is an almost equal protection. The snow-bunting, the jерfalcon, and the snowy owl, are also white-coloured birds inhabiting the arctic regions, and there can be little doubt but that their colouring is, to some extent, protective.

Nocturnal animals supply us with equally good illustrations. Mice, rats, bats, and moles possess the least conspicuous of hues, and must be quite invisible at times when any light colour would be instantly seen. Owls and goatsuckers are of those dark mottled tints that will assimilate with bark and lichen, and thus protect them during the day, and at the same time be inconspicuous in the dusk.

It is only in the tropics, among forests which never lose their foliage, that we find whole groups of birds whose chief colour is green. The parrots are the most striking example, but we have also a group of green pigeons in the East; and the barbets, leaf-thrushes, bee-eaters, white-eyes, turacos, and several smaller groups, have so much green in their plumage as to tend greatly to conceal them among the foliage.

The conformity of tint which has been so far shown to exist between animals and their habitations is of a somewhat general character; we will now consider the cases of more special adaptation. If the lion is enabled by his sandy colour readily to conceal himself by merely crouching down upon the desert, how, it may be asked, do the elegant markings of the tiger, the jaguar, and the other large cats, agree with this theory? We reply that these are generally cases of more or less special adaptation. The tiger is a jungle animal, and hides himself among tufts of grass or of bamboos, and in these positions the vertical stripes with which his body is adorned must so assimilate with the vertical stems of the bamboo, as to assist greatly in concealing him from his approaching prey. How remarkable it is, that, besides the lion and tiger, almost all the other large cats are arboreal in their habits, and almost all have ocellated or spotted skins, which must certainly tend to conceal them with a back-

ground of foliage; while the one exception, the puma, has an ashy brown uniform fur, and has the habit of clinging so closely to a limb of a tree while waiting for his prey to pass beneath as to be hardly distinguishable from the bark!

Among birds, the ptarmigan, already mentioned, must be considered a remarkable case of special adaptation. Another is a South-American goatsucker (*Caprimulgus rupestris*) which rests in the bright sunshine on little bare rocky islets in the Upper Rio Negro, where its unusually light colours so closely resemble the rock and sand, that it can scarcely be detected till trodden upon.

The Duke of Argyll, in his "Reign of Law," has pointed out the admirable adaptation of the colours of the woodcock to its protection. The various browns and yellows and pale ash-colour that occur in fallen leaves are all reproduced in its plumage, so that when, according to its habit, it rests upon the ground under trees, it is almost impossible to detect it. In snipes the colours are modified so as to be equally in harmony with the prevalent forms and colours of marshy vegetation.

Reptiles offer us many similar examples. The most arboreal lizards, the iguanas, are as green as the leaves they feed upon, and the slender whip-snakes are rendered almost invisible as they glide among the foliage by a similar colouration. How difficult it is sometimes to catch sight of the little green treefrogs sitting on the leaves of a small plant enclosed in a glass case in the Zoological Gardens! yet how much better concealed must they be among the fresh green damp foliage of a marshy forest! There is a North-American frog found on lichen-covered rocks and walls, which is so coloured as exactly to resemble them, and as long as it remains quiet would certainly escape detection. Some of the geckos which cling motionless on the trunks of trees in the tropics are of such curiously marbled colours as to match exactly with the bark they rest upon.

In every part of the tropics there are tree-snakes that twist among bough and shrubs, or lie coiled up on the dense masses of foliage. These are of many distinct groups, and comprise both venomous and harmless genera; but almost all of them are of a beautiful green colour, sometimes more or less adorned with white or dusky bands and spots. There can be no doubt but that this colour is doubly useful to them, since it will tend to conceal them from their enemies, and will lead their prey to ap-

proach them unconscious of danger. Dr. Gunther informs us that there is only one genus of true arboreal snakes (*Dipsas*) whose colours are rarely green, but are of various shades of black, brown, and olive, and these are all nocturnal reptiles, and there can be little doubt conceal themselves during the day in holes, so that the green protective tint would be useless to them, and they accordingly retain the more usual reptilian hues.

Fishes present similar instances. Many flat fish, as for example the flounder and the skate, are exactly the colour of the gravel or sand on which they habitually rest. Among the marine flower gardens of an Eastern coral reef, the fishes present every variety of gorgeous colour, while the river fish even of the tropics rarely if ever have gay or conspicuous markings. A very curious case of this kind of adaptation occurs in the sea-horses (*Hippocampus*) of Australia, some of which bear long foliaceous appendages resembling sea-weed, and are of a brilliant red colour; and they are known to live among seaweed of the same hue, so that when at rest they must be quite invisible. There are now in the aquarium of the Zoological Society some slender green pipe-fish which fasten themselves to any object at the bottom by their prehensile tails, and float about with the current, looking exactly like some simple cylindrical algae.

It is, however, in the insect world that this principle of the adaptation of animals to their environment is most fully and strikingly developed. In order to understand how general this is, it is necessary to enter somewhat into details, as we shall thereby be better able to appreciate the significance of the still more remarkable phenomena we shall presently have to discuss. It seems to be in proportion to their sluggish motions or the absence of other means of defence, that insects possess the protective colouring. In the tropics there are thousands of species of insects which rest during the day clinging to the bark of dead or fallen trees; and the greater portion of these are delicately mottled with gray and brown tints, which, though symmetrically disposed and infinitely varied, yet blend so completely with the usual colours of the bark, that, at two or three feet distance, they are quite undistinguishable. In some cases, a species is known to frequent only one species of tree. This is the case with the common South American long-horned beetle (*Onychocerus scorio*), which, Mr. Bates informs us, is found only on a rough-barked tree, called *Tapiriba*, on the Amazon. It is very abundant,

but so exactly does it resemble the bark in colour and rugosity, and so closely does it cling to the branches, that until it moves it is absolutely invisible. An allied species (*O. concentricus*) is found only at Parà on a distinct species of tree, the bark of which it resembles with equal accuracy. Both these insects are abundant, and we may fairly conclude that the protection they derive from this strange concealment is at least one of the causes that enable the race to flourish.

Many of the species of *Cicindela*, or tiger beetle, will illustrate this mode of protection. Our common *Cicindela campestris* frequents grassy banks, and is of a beautiful green colour, while *C. maritima*, which is found only on sandy sea-shores, is of a pale bronzy yellow, so as to be almost invisible. A great number of the species found by Mr. Wallace in the Malay islands are similarly protected. The beautiful *Cicindela gloriosa*, of a very deep velvety green colour, was only taken upon wet mossy stones in the bed of a mountain stream, where it was with the greatest difficulty detected. A large brown species (*C. heros*) was found chiefly on dead leaves in forest paths; and one which was never seen, except on the wet mud of salt marshes, was of a glossy olive so exactly the colour of the mud as only to be distinguished when the sun shone, by its shadow! Where the sandy beach was coralline and nearly white, he found a very pale *Cicindela*; wherever it was volcanic and black, a dark species of the same genus was sure to be met with.

There are in the East small beetles of the family *Buprestidæ* which generally rest on the midrib of a leaf; and the naturalist often hesitates before picking them off, so closely do they resemble pieces of bird's dung. Kirby and Spence mention the small beetle *Onthophilus sulcatus* as being like the seed of an umbelliferous plant; and another small weevil, which is much persecuted by predatory beetles of the genus *Harpalus*, is of the exact colour of loamy soil, and was found to be particularly abundant in loam pits. Mr. Bates mentions a small beetle (*Chlamys pilula*) which was undistinguishable by the eye from the dung of caterpillars, while some of the *Cassidæ*, from their hemispherical forms and pearly gold colour, resemble glittering dew-drops upon the leaves.

A number of our small brown and speckled weevils, at the approach of any object, roll off the leaf they are sitting on, at the same time drawing in their legs and antennæ, which fit so perfectly into cavities for

their reception, that the insect becomes a mere oval brownish lump, which it is hopeless to look for among the similarly coloured little stones and earth pellets among which it lies motionless.

The distribution of colour in butterflies and moths respectively is very instructive from this point of view. The former have all their brilliant colouring on the upper surface of all four wings, while the under surface is almost always soberly coloured, and often very dark and obscure. The moths on the contrary have generally their chief colour on the hind wings only, the upper wings being of dull, sombre, and often imitative tints, and these generally conceal the hind wings when the insects are in repose. This arrangement of the colours is therefore eminently protective, because the butterfly always rests with his wings raised so as to conceal the dangerous brilliancy of his upper surface. It is probable that if we watched their habits sufficiently we should find the under surface of the wings of butterflies very frequently imitative and protective. Mr. T. W. Wood has pointed out that the little orange-tip butterfly often rests in the evening on the green and white flower heads of an umbelliferous plant, and that, when observed in this position, the beautiful green and white mottling of the under surface completely assimilates with the flower heads, and renders the creature very difficult to be seen. It is probable that the rich dark colouring of the under side of our peacock, tortoise-shell, and red-admiral butterflies, answers a similar purpose.

Two curious South American butterflies that always settle on the trunks of trees (*Gynecia dirce* and *Callizona acesta*) have the under surface curiously striped and mottled, and when viewed obliquely must closely assimilate with the appearance of the furrowed bark of many kinds of trees. But the most wonderful and undoubted case of protective resemblance in a butterfly which we have ever seen is that of the common Indian *Kallima inachis*, and its Malayan ally, *Kallima paralekta*. The upper surface of these insects is very striking and showy, as they are of a large size, and are adorned with a broad band of rich orange on a deep bluish ground. The under side is very variable in colour, so that out of fifty specimens no two can be found exactly alike, but every one of them will be of some shade of ash or brown or ochre, such as are found among dead, dry, or decaying leaves. The apex of the upper wings is produced into an acute point, a very common form in

the leaves of tropical shrubs and trees, and the lower wings are also produced into a short narrow tail. Between these two points runs a dark curved line exactly representing the midrib of a leaf, and from this radiate on each side a few oblique lines, which serve to indicate the lateral veins of a leaf. These marks are more clearly seen on the outer portion of the base of the wings, and on the inner side towards the middle and apex, and it is very curious to observe how the usual marginal and transverse striae of the group are here modified and strengthened so as to become adapted for an imitation of the venation of a leaf. We come now to a still more extraordinary part of the imitation, for we find representations of leaves in every stage of decay, variously blotched and mildewed and pierced with holes, and in many cases irregularly covered with powdery black dots gathered into patches and spots, so closely resembling the various kinds of minute fungi that grow on dead leaves that it is impossible to avoid thinking at first sight that the butterflies themselves have been attacked by real fungi.

But this resemblance, close as it is, would be of little use if the habits of the insect did not accord with it. If the butterfly sat upon leaves or upon flowers, or opened its wings so as to expose the upper surface or exposed and moved its head and antennæ as many other butterflies do, its disguise would be of little avail. We might be sure, however, from the analogy of many other cases, that the habits of the insect are such as still further to aid its deceptive garb; but we are not obliged to make any such supposition, since the present writer has himself had the good fortune to observe scores of *Kallima paralekta*, in Sumatra, and to capture many of them, and can vouch for the accuracy of the following details. These butterflies frequent dry forests, and fly very swiftly. They were never seen to settle on a flower or a green leaf, but were many times suddenly lost sight of in a bush or tree of dead leaves. On such occasions, they were generally searched for in vain, for while gazing intently at the very spot where one had disappeared, it would often suddenly dart out, and again vanish twenty or fifty yards further on. On one or two occasions, the insect was detected reposing; and it could then be seen how completely it assimilates itself to the surrounding leaves. It sits on a nearly upright twig, the wings fitting closely back to back, concealing the antennæ and head, which are drawn up be-

tween their bases. The little tails of the hind wing touch the branch, and form a perfect stalk to the leaf, which is supported in its place by the claws of the middle pair of feet, which are slender and inconspicuous. The irregular outline of the wings gives exactly the perspective effect of a shrivelled leaf. We thus have size, colour, form, markings, and habits, all combining together to produce a disguise which may be said to be absolutely perfect; and the protection which it affords is sufficiently indicated by the abundance of the individuals that possess it.

The Rev. Joseph Greene has called attention to the striking harmony between the colours of those British moths which are on the wing in autumn and winter, and the prevailing tints of nature at those seasons. In autumn, various shades of yellow and brown prevail, and he shows that out of fifty-two species that fly at this season, no less than forty-two are of corresponding colours. *Orgyia antiqua*, *O. gonostigma*, the genera *Xanthia*, *Gleba*, and *Ennomos*, are examples. In winter, gray and silvery tints prevail; and the genus *Chematomia*, and several species of *Hybernina*, which fly during this season, are of corresponding hues. No doubt if the habits of moths in a state of nature were more closely observed, we should find many cases of special protective resemblance. A few such have already been noticed. *Agriopis aprilina*, *Acronycta psi*, and many other moths which rest during the day on the north side of the trunks of trees, can with difficulty be distinguished from the grey and green lichens that cover them. The lappet moth (*Gastropacha querci*) closely resembles both in shape and colour a brown dry leaf; and the well-known buff-tip moth, when at rest, is like the broken end of a lichen-covered branch. There are some of the small moths which exactly resemble the dung of birds dropped on leaves; and there are probably hosts of these resemblances which have not yet been observed, owing to the difficulty of finding many of the species in their stations of natural repose. Caterpillars are also similarly protected. Many exactly resemble in tint the leaves they feed upon; others are like little brown twigs, and many are so strangely marked or humped, that, when motionless, they can hardly be taken to be living creatures at all. Mr. Andrew Murray has remarked how closely the larva of the peacock moth (*Saturnia pavonia-minor*) harmonizes in its ground colour with that of the young buds of heather on which it feeds, and that the pink spots with which it is decorated

correspond with the flowers and flower-buds of the same plant.

The whole order of Orthoptera, grasshoppers, locusts, crickets, &c., are protected by their colours harmonizing with that of the vegetation or the soil on which they live, and in no other group have we such striking examples of special resemblance. Most of the tropical Mantide and Locustide are of the exact tint of the leaves on which they habitually repose, and many of them in addition have the veining of their wings modified so as exactly to imitate that of a leaf. This is carried to the furthest possible extent in the wonderful genus, *Phyllium*, the "walking leaf," in which not only are the wings perfect imitations of leaves in every detail, but the thorax and legs are flat, dilated, and leaf-like; so that when the living insect is resting among the foliage on which it feeds, the closest observation is often unable to distinguish between the animal and the vegetable.

The whole family of the Phasmide, or spectres, to which this insect belongs, is more or less imitative, and a great number of the species are called "walking-stick insects," from their singular resemblance to twigs and branches. Some of these are a foot long and as thick as one's finger; and their whole colouring, form, rugosity, and the arrangement of the head, legs, and antennae, are such as to render them absolutely identical in appearance with dead sticks. They hang loosely about shrubs in the forest, and have the extraordinary habit of stretching out their legs unsymmetrically, so as to render the deception more complete. One of these creatures obtained by Mr. Wallace in Borneo (*Ceroxylus laceratus*) was covered over with foliaceous excrescences of a clear olive green colour, so as exactly to resemble a stick grown over by a creeping moss or jungermannia. The Dyak who brought it assured him it was grown over with moss although alive, and it was only after a most minute examination that he could convince himself it was not so.

We need not adduce any more examples to show how important are the details of form and of colouring in animals, and that their very existence may often depend upon their being by these means concealed from their enemies. This kind of protection is found apparently in every class and order, for it has been noticed wherever we can obtain sufficient knowledge of the details of an animal's life-history. It varies in degree, from the mere absence of conspicuous colour or a general harmony with the prevailing tints of nature, up to such a minute and

detailed resemblance to inorganic or vegetable structures as to realize the talisman of the fairy tale, and to give its possessor the power of rendering itself invisible.

We will now endeavour to show how these wonderful resemblances have most probably been brought about. Returning to the higher animals, let us consider the remarkable fact of the rarity of white colouring in the mammalia or birds of the temperate or tropical zones in a state of nature. There is not a single white land-bird or quadruped in Europe, except the few arctic or alpine species to which white is a protective colour. Yet in many of these creatures there seems to be no inherent tendency to avoid white, for directly they are domesticated white varieties arise, and appear to thrive as well as others. We have white mice and rats, white cats, horses, dogs, and cattle, white poultry, pigeons, turkeys, and ducks, and white rabbits. Some of these animals have been domesticated for a long period, others only for a few centuries; but in almost every case in which an animal has been thoroughly domesticated, parti-coloured and white varieties are produced and become permanent.

It is also well known that animals in a state of nature produce white varieties occasionally. Blackbirds, starlings, and crows are occasionally seen white, as well as elephants, deer, tigers, hares, moles, and many other animals; but in no case is a permanent white race produced. Now there are no statistics to show that the normal-coloured parents produce white offspring oftener under domestication than in a state of nature, and we have no right to make such an assumption if the facts can be accounted for without it. But if the colours of animals do really, in the various instances already adduced, serve for their concealment and preservation, then white or any other conspicuous colour must be hurtful, and must in most cases shorten an animal's life. A white rabbit would be more surely the prey of hawk or buzzard, and the white mole, or field mouse, could not long escape from the vigilant owl. So, also, any deviation from those tints best adapted to conceal a carnivorous animal would render the pursuit of its prey much more difficult, would place it at a disadvantage among its fellows, and in a time of scarcity would probably cause it to starve to death. On the other hand, if an animal spreads from a temperate into an arctic district, the conditions are changed. During a large portion of the year, and just

when the struggle for existence is most severe, white is the prevailing tint of nature, and dark colours will be the most conspicuous. The white varieties will now have an advantage; they will escape from their enemies or will secure food, while their brown companions will be devoured or will starve; and, as "like produces like" is the established rule in nature, the white race will become permanently established, and dark varieties, when they occasionally appear, will soon die out from their want of adaptation to their environment. In each case the fittest will survive, and a race will be eventually produced adapted to the conditions in which it lives.

We have here an illustration of the simple and effectual means by which animals are brought into harmony with the rest of nature. That slight amount of variability in every species which we often look upon as something accidental or abnormal, or so insignificant as to be hardly worthy of notice, is yet the foundation of all those wonderful and harmonious resemblances which play such an important part in the economy of nature. Variation is generally very small in amount, but it is all that is required, because the change in the external conditions to which an animal is subject is generally very slow and intermittent. When these changes have taken place too rapidly, the result has often been the extinction of species; but the general rule is, that climatal and geological changes go on slowly, and the slight but continual variations in the colour, form, and structure of all animals, has furnished individuals adapted to these changes, and who have become the progenitors of modified races. Rapid multiplication, incessant slight variation, and survival of the fittest, — these are the laws which ever keep the organic world in harmony with the inorganic, and with itself. These are the laws which we believe have produced all the cases of protective resemblance already adduced, as well as those still more curious examples we have yet to bring before our readers.

It must always be borne in mind that the more wonderful examples, in which there is not only a general but a special resemblance, — as in the walking leaf, the mossy phasma, and the leaf-winged butterfly, — represent those few instances in which the process of modification has been going on during an immense series of generations. They all occur in the tropics, where the conditions of existence are the most favourable, and where climatic changes have for long periods been hardly perceptible. In

most of them, favourable variations both of colour, form, structure, and instinct or habit, must have occurred to produce the perfect adaptation we now behold. All these are known to vary; and favourable variations, when not accompanied by others that were unfavourable, would certainly survive. At one time a little step might be made in this direction, at another time in that, — a change of conditions might sometimes render useless that which it had taken ages to produce, — great and sudden physical modifications might often produce the extinction of a race just as it was approaching perfection, and a hundred checks of which we can know nothing may have retarded the progress towards perfect adaptation; so that we can hardly wonder at the few cases in which a result has been attained which is shown to be successful by the abundance and wide diffusion of the creatures so protected.

It is as well here to reply to an objection that will no doubt occur to many readers, — that if protection is so useful to all animals, and so easily brought about by variation and survival of the fittest, there ought to be no conspicuously-coloured creatures; and they will perhaps ask how we account for the brilliant birds, and painted snakes, and gorgeous insects, that occur abundantly all over the world. It will be advisable to answer this question rather fully, in order that we may be prepared to understand the phenomena of "mimicry," which it is the special object of this paper to illustrate and explain.

The slightest observation of the life of animals will show us that they escape from their enemies and obtain their food in an infinite variety of ways; and that their varied habits and instincts are in every case adapted to the conditions of their existence. The porcupine and the hedgehog have a defensive armour that saves them from the attacks of most animals. The tortoise is not injured by the conspicuous colours of his shell, because that shell is in most cases an effectual protection to him. The skunks of North America find safety in their power of emitting an unbearably offensive odour; the beaver in its aquatic habits and solidly constructed abode. In some cases, the chief danger to an animal occurs at one particular period of its existence, and if that is guarded against its numbers can easily be maintained. This is the case with many birds, the eggs and young of which are especially obnoxious to danger, and we find accordingly a variety of curious contrivances to protect them. We have nests

carefully concealed, hung from the slender extremities of grass or boughs over water, or placed in the hollow of a tree with a very small opening. When these precautions are successful, so many more individuals will be reared than can possibly find food during the least favourable seasons, that there will always be a number of weakly and inexperienced young birds who will fall a prey to the enemies of the race, and thus render necessary for the stronger and healthier individuals no other safeguard than their strength and activity. The instincts most favourable to the production and rearing of offspring will in these cases be most important, and the survival of the fittest will act so as to keep up and advance those instincts, while other causes which tend to modify colour and marking may continue their action almost unchecked.

It is perhaps in insects that we may best study the varied means by which animals are defended or concealed. One of the uses of the phosphorescence with which many insects are furnished is probably to frighten away their enemies; for Kirby and Spence state that a ground beetle (*Carabus*) has been observed running round and round a luminous centipede as if afraid to attack it. An immense number of insects have stings, and some stingless ants of the genus *Polyrachis* are armed with strong and sharp spines on the back, which must render them unpalatable to many of the smaller insectivorous birds. Many beetles of the family *Cureculionidæ* have the wing cases and other external parts so excessively hard, that they cannot be pinned without first drilling a hole to receive the pin, and it is probable that all such find a protection in this excessive hardness. Great numbers of insects hide themselves among the petals of flowers, or in the cracks of barks and timber; and finally, extensive groups and even whole orders have a more or less powerful and disgusting smell and taste, which they either possess permanently, or can emit at pleasure. The attitudes of some insects may also protect them, as the habit of turning up the tail by the harmless rove-beetles (*Staphylinidæ*) no doubt leads other animals besides children to the belief that they can sting. The curious attitude assumed by sphinx caterpillars is probably a safeguard, as well as the blood-red tentacles which can suddenly be thrown out from the neck, by the caterpillars of all the true swallow-tailed butterflies.

It is among the groups that possess some of these varied kinds of protection in a high degree, that we find the greatest

amount of conspicuous colour, or at least the most complete absence of protective imitation. The stinging Hymenoptera, wasps, bees, and hornets, are, as a rule, very showy and brilliant insects, and there is not a single instance recorded in which any one of them is coloured so as to resemble a vegetable or inanimate substance. The Chrysididæ, or golden wasps, which do not sting, possess as a substitute the power of rolling themselves up into a ball, which is almost as hard and polished as if really made of metal, — and they are all adorned with the most gorgeous colours. The whole order Hemiptera (comprising the bugs) emit a powerful odour, and they present a very large proportion of gay-coloured and conspicuous insects. The lady-birds (Coccinellidæ) and their allies, the Eumorphidæ, are often brightly spotted, as if to attract attention; but they can both emit fluids of a very disagreeable nature; they are certainly rejected by some birds, and are probably never eaten by any.

The great family of ground beetles (Carabidæ) almost all possess a disagreeable and some a very pungent smell, and a few called bombardier beetles have the peculiar faculty of emitting a jet of very volatile liquid which appears like a puff of smoke, and is accompanied by a distinct crepitating explosion. It is probably because these insects are mostly nocturnal and predacious that they do not present more vivid hues. They are chiefly remarkable for brilliant metallic tints or dull red patches when they are not wholly black, and are therefore very conspicuous by day, when insect-eaters are kept off by their bad odour and taste, but are sufficiently invisible at night when it is of importance that their prey should not become aware of their proximity.

It seems probable that in some cases that which would appear at first sight to be a source of danger to its possessor may really be a means of protection. Many showy and weak-flying butterflies have a very broad expanse of wing, as in the brilliant blue Morphos of Brazilian forests, and the large Eastern Papilios; yet these are tolerably plentiful. Now, specimens of these butterflies are often captured with pierced and broken wings, as if they had been seized by birds from whom they had escaped; but if the wings had been much smaller in proportion to the body, it seems probable that the insect would be more frequently struck or pierced in a vital part, and thus the increased expanse of the wings may have been indirectly beneficial.

In other cases the capacity of increase in

a species is so great that however many of the perfect insect may be destroyed, there is always ample means for the continuance of the race. Many of the flesh-flies, gnats, ants, palm-tree weevils and locusts, are in this category. The whole family of Cetoniadæ or rose chafers, so full of gayly-coloured species, are probably saved from attack by a combination of characters. They fly very rapidly with a zigzag or waving course; they hide themselves the moment they alight, either in the corolla of flowers or in rotten wood or in cracks and hollows of trees, and they are generally encased in a very hard and polished coat of mail which may render them unsatisfactory food to such birds as would be able to capture them. The causes which lead to the development of colour have been here able to act unchecked, and we see the result in a large variety of the most gorgeously coloured insects.

Here, then, with our very imperfect knowledge of the life-history of animals, we are able to see that there are widely varied modes by which they may obtain protection from their enemies or concealment from their prey. Some of these seem to be so complete and effectual as to answer all the wants of the race, and lead to the maintenance of the largest possible population. When this is the case, we can well understand that no further protection derived from a modification of colour can be of the slightest use, and the most brilliant hues may be developed without any prejudicial effect upon the species. On some of the laws that determine the development of colour something may be said presently. It is now merely necessary to show that concealment by obscure or imitative tints is only one out of very many ways by which animals maintain their existence; and having done this we are prepared to consider the phenomena of "mimicry."*

It has been long known to entomologists that certain insects bear a strange external resemblance to others belonging to distinct

* It is to be particularly observed that the word "mimicry" is never used in this article in the sense of voluntary imitation. It here means a particular kind of resemblance only; a resemblance not in internal structure but in external appearance; a resemblance in those parts only that catch the eye; a resemblance that deceives. As this kind of resemblance has the same effect as voluntary imitation or mimicry, and as there is no word in the language that expresses the required meaning, "mimicry" was adopted by Mr. Bates, and has led to some misunderstanding; but there need be none, if it is remembered that both "mimicry" and "imitation" are used in a metaphorical sense, as implying that close external likeness which causes things really quite unlike to be mistaken for each other.

genera, families, or even orders, and with which they have no real affinity whatever. The fact, however, appears to have been generally considered as dependent upon some unknown law of "analogy,"—some "system of nature," or "general plan," which had guided the Creator in designing the myriads of insect forms, and which we could never hope to understand. In only one case does it appear that the resemblance was thought to be useful, and to have been designed as a means to a definite and intelligible purpose. The flies of the genus *Volucella* enter the nests of bees to deposit their eggs, so that their larvæ may feed upon the larvæ of the bees, and these flies are each wonderfully like the bee on which it is parasitic. Kirby and Spence believed that this resemblance or "mimicry" was for the express purpose of protecting the flies from the attacks of the bees, and the connexion is so evident that it was hardly possible to avoid this conclusion. The resemblance, however, of moths to butterflies or to bees, of beetles to wasps, and of locusts to beetles, has been many times noticed by eminent writers; but scarcely ever till within the last few years does it appear to have been considered that these resemblances had any special purpose, or were of any direct benefit to the insects themselves. In this respect they were looked upon as accidental, as instances of the "curious analogies" in nature which must be wondered at but which could not be explained. Recently, however, these instances have been greatly multiplied; the nature of the resemblances has been more carefully studied, and it has been found that they are often carried out into such details as almost to imply a purpose of deceiving the observer. The phenomena, moreover, have been shown to follow certain definite laws, which again all indicate their dependence on the more general law of the "survival of the fittest," or "the preservation of favoured races in the struggle for life." It will, perhaps, be as well here to state what these laws or general conclusions are, and then to give some account of the facts which support them.

The first law is, that in an overwhelming majority of cases of mimicry, the animals (or the groups) which resemble each other inhabit the same country, the same district, and in most cases are to be found together on the very same spot.

The second law is, that these resemblances are not indiscriminate; but are limited to certain groups, which in every case are abundant in species and individuals, and

can often be ascertained to have some special protection.

The third law is, that the species which resemble or "mimic" these dominant groups, are comparatively less abundant in individuals, and are often very rare.

These laws will be found to hold good in all the cases of true mimicry among various classes of animals to which we have now to call the attention of our readers.

As it is among butterflies that instances of mimicry are most numerous and most striking, an account of some of the more prominent examples in this group will first be given. There is in South America an extensive family of these insects, the *Heliconiæ*, which are in many respects very remarkable. They are so abundant and characteristic in all the woody portions of the American tropics, that in almost every locality they will be seen more frequently than any other butterflies. They are distinguished by very elongate wings, body, and antennæ, and are exceedingly beautiful and varied in their colours; spots and patches of yellow red or pure white upon a black, blue, or brown ground, being most general. They frequent the forests chiefly, and all fly slowly and weakly; yet although they are so conspicuous, and could certainly be caught by insectivorous birds more easily than almost any other insects, their great abundance all over the wide region they inhabit shows that they are not so persecuted. It is to be especially remarked also that they possess no adaptive colouring to protect them during repose, for the under side of their wings presents the same, or at least an equally conspicuous, colouring as the upper side; and they may be observed after sunset suspended at the end of twigs and leaves where they have taken up their station for the night, fully exposed to the attacks of enemies if they have any. These beautiful insects possess, however, a strong pungent semi-aromatic or medicinal odour, which seems to pervade all the juices of their system. When the entomologist squeezes the breast of one of them between his fingers to kill it, a yellow liquid exudes which stains the skin, and the smell of which can only be got rid of by time and repeated washings. Here we have probably the cause of their immunity from attack, since there is a great deal of evidence to show that certain insects are so disgusting to birds that they will under no circumstances touch them. Mr. Stainton has observed that a brood of young turkeys which greedily eat up all the worthless moths he had amassed in a night's

"sugaring," yet one after another seized and rejected a single white moth which happened to be among them. Young pheasants and partridges which eat many kinds of caterpillars seem to have an absolute dread of that of the common currant moth, which they will never touch, and tomtits as well as other small birds appear never to eat the same species. In the case of the *Heliconiidae*, however, we have some direct evidence to the same effect. In the Brazilian forests there are great numbers of insectivorous birds — as jacumars, trogons, and puffbirds — which catch insects on the wing, and that they destroy many butterflies is indicated by the fact that the wings of these insects are often found on the ground where their bodies have been devoured. But among these there are no wings of *Heliconiidae*, while those of the large showy *Nymphalidae*, which have a much swifter flight, are often met with. Again, a gentleman who has recently returned from Brazil stated at a meeting of the Entomological Society that he once observed a pair of puffbirds catching butterflies, which they brought to their nest to feed their young; yet during half an hour they never brought one of the *Heliconiidae*, which were flying lazily about in great numbers, and which they could have captured more easily than any other. It was this circumstance that led Mr. Bolt to observe them so long, as he could not understand why the most common insects should be altogether passed by. Mr. Bates also tells us that he never saw them molested by lizards or predacious flies which often pounce on other butterflies.

If, therefore, we accept it as highly probable (if not proved) that the *Heliconiidae* are very greatly protected from attack by their peculiar odour and taste, we find it much more easy to understand their chief characteristics — their great abundance, their slow flight, their gaudy colours, and the entire absence of protective tints on their under surfaces. This property places them somewhat in the position of those curious wingless birds of oceanic islands, the dodo, the apteryx, and the moas, which are with great reason supposed to have lost the power of flight on account of the absence of carnivorous quadrupeds. Our butterflies have been protected in a different way, but quite as effectually; and the result has been that as there has been nothing to escape from, there has been no weeding out of slow flyers, and as there has been nothing to hide from, there has been no extermination of the bright-coloured varieties, and no pres-

ervation of such as tended to assimilate with surrounding objects.

Now let us consider how this kind of protection must act. Tropical insectivorous birds very frequently sit on dead branches of a lofty tree, or on those which overhang forest paths, gazing intently around, and darting off at intervals to seize an insect at a considerable distance, which they generally return to their station to devour. If a bird began by capturing the slow-flying, conspicuous *Heliconiidae*, and found them always so disagreeable that he could not eat them, he would after a very few trials leave off catching them at all; and their whole appearance, form, colouring, and mode of flight, is so peculiar, that there can be little doubt birds would soon learn to distinguish them at a long distance, and never waste any time in pursuit of them. Under these circumstances, it is evident that any other butterfly of a group which birds were accustomed to devour, would be almost equally well protected by closely resembling a *Heliconia* externally, as if it acquired also the disagreeable odour; always supposing that there were only a few of them among a great number of the *Heliconias*. If the birds could not distinguish the two kinds externally, and there were on the average only one eatable among fifty uneatable, they would soon give up seeking for the eatable ones, even if they knew them to exist. If, on the other hand, any particular butterfly of an eatable group acquired the disagreeable taste of the *Heliconias* while it retained the characteristic form and colouring of its own group, this would be really of no use to it whatever; for the birds would go on catching it among its eatable allies (among whom, we suppose, it is comparatively rare), and it would probably be wounded and disabled, even if rejected, and would be as effectually killed as if it were devoured. It is important, therefore, to understand that if any one genus of an extensive family of eatable butterflies were in danger of extermination from insect-eating birds, and if two kinds of variation were going on among them, some individuals possessing a slightly disagreeable taste, others a slight resemblance to the *Heliconiidae*, this latter quality would be much more valuable than the former. The change in flavour would not at all prevent the variety from being captured as before, and it would almost certainly be thoroughly disabled before being rejected. The approach in colour and form to the *Heliconiidae*, however, would be at the very first a positive, though perhaps a slight advantage;

for although at short distances this variety would be easily distinguished and devoured, yet at a longer distance it might be mistaken for one of the uneatable group, and so be passed by and gain another day's life, which might in many cases be sufficient for it to lay a quantity of eggs and leave a numerous progeny, many of which would inherit the peculiarity which had been the safeguard of their parent.

Now, this hypothetical case is exactly realized in South America. Among the white butterflies forming the family Pieridæ (many of which do not greatly differ in appearance from our own cabbage butterflies) is a genus of rather small size (*Leptalis*); some species of which are white like their allies, while the larger number exactly resemble the *Heliconidæ* in the form and colouring of the wings. It must be always remembered that these two families are as absolutely distinguished from each other by structural characters as are the carnivora and the ruminants among quadrupeds, and that an entomologist can always distinguish the one from the other by the structure of the feet, just as certainly as a zoologist can tell a bear from a buffalo by the skull or by a tooth. Yet the resemblance of a species of the one family to another species in the other family was often so great, that both Mr. Bates and Mr. Wallace were many times deceived at the time of capture, and did not discover the distinctness of the two insects till a closer examination detected their essential differences. During his residence of eleven years in the Amazon Valley, Mr. Bates found a number of species or varieties of *Leptalis*, each of which was a more or less exact copy of one of the *Heliconidæ* of the district it inhabited; and the results of his observations are embodied in the paper published in the *Linnean Transactions*, in which he first explained the phenomena of "mimicry" as the result of natural selection, and showed its identity in cause and purpose with protective resemblance to vegetable or inorganic forms.

The imitation of the *Heliconidæ* by the *Leptalides* is carried out to a wonderful degree in form as well as in colouring. The wings have become elongated to the same extent, and the antennæ and abdomen have both become lengthened, to correspond with the unusual condition in which they exist in the former family. In colouration there are several types in the different genera of *Heliconidæ*. The genus *Mechanitis* is generally of a rich semi-transparent brown, banded with black and yellow; *Methona* is of large size, the wings trans-

parent like horn, and with black transverse bands; while the delicate *Ithomias* are all more or less transparent, with black veins and borders, and often with marginal and transverse bands of orange red. These different forms are all copied by the various species of *Leptalis*, every band and spot and tint of colour, and the various degrees of transparency, being exactly reproduced.

As if to derive all the benefit possible from this protective mimicry, the habits have become so modified, that the *Leptalides* generally frequent the very same spots as their models, and have the same mode of flight; and as they are always very scarce (Mr. Bates estimating their numbers at about one to a thousand of the group they resemble), there is hardly a possibility of their being found out by their enemies. It is also very remarkable that in almost every case the particular *Ithomias* and other species of *Heliconidæ* which they resemble, are noted as being very common species, swarming in individuals, and found over a wide range of country. This indicates antiquity and permanence in the species, and is exactly the condition most essential both to aid in the development and to increase the utility of the resemblance.

But the *Leptalides* are not the only group who have prolonged their existence by imitating the great protected group of *Heliconidæ*;—a genus of quite another family of most lovely small American butterflies, the *Erycinidæ*, and three genera of diurnal moths, also present species which often mimic the same dominant forms, so that some, as *Ithomia ilderina* of St. Paulo, for instance, have flying with them a few individuals of three totally different insects, which are yet disguised with exactly the same form, colour, and markings, so that all four are undistinguishable when on the wing. Again, the *Heliconidæ* are not the only group that are imitated, although they are the most frequent models. The black and red group of South American *Papilio*s, and the handsome *Erycinian* genus *Stalactis*, have also a few who copy them; but this fact offers no difficulty, since these two groups are almost as dominant as the *Heliconidæ*. They both fly very slowly, they both are conspicuously coloured, and they both abound in individuals; so that there is every reason to believe that they possess a protection of a similar kind to the *Heliconidæ*, and that it is therefore equally an advantage to other insects to be mistaken for them. There is also another extraordinary fact that we are not yet in a position clearly to comprehend: some groups of

the Helconidæ themselves mimic other groups. Species of *Heliconius* mimic *Mechanitis*, and every species of *Napeogenes* mimics some other Heliconideous butterfly. This would seem to indicate that the distasteful secretion is not produced alike by all members of the family, and that where it is deficient protective imitation comes into play. It is this, perhaps, that has caused such a general resemblance among the Helconidæ, such a uniformity of type with great diversity of colouring, since any aberration causing an insect to cease to look like one of the family would inevitably lead to its being attacked, wounded, and exterminated, even although it were not eatable.

In other parts of the world an exactly parallel series of facts have been observed. The Danaidæ and the Acraeidæ of the Old World tropics form in fact one great group with the Helconidæ. They have the same general form, structure, and habits: they possess the same protective odour, and are equally abundant in individuals, although not so varied in colour, blue and white spots on a black ground being the most general pattern. The insects which mimic these are chiefly Papilios and Diademæ, a genus allied to our peacock and tortoise-shell butterflies. In tropical Africa there is a peculiar group of the genus *Danais*, characterized by dark-brown and bluish-white colours, arranged in bands or stripes. One of these, *Danais niavius*, is exactly imitated both by *Papilio hippocoon* and by *Diadema anthedon*; another, *Danais echeria*, by *Papilio cenea*; and in Natal a variety of the *Danais* is found having a white spot at the tip of wings, accompanied by a variety of the *Papilio* bearing a corresponding white spot. *Acraea timandra* is copied in its very peculiar style of colouration by *Papilio boisduvalianus* and the female of *Diadema hircæ*, while the male of the same insect is like *Acraea gea*. *Acraea euryta* of Sierra Leone has a *Diadema* from the same place which exactly copies it; and in the collections of the British Museum there are six species of *Diadema* and four of *Papilio* which in their colour and markings are perfect mimics of species of *Danais* or *Acraea* which inhabit the same districts.

Passing on to India, we have *Danais tytia*, a butterfly with semi-transparent bluish wings and a border of rich reddish brown. This remarkable style of colouring is exactly reproduced in *Papilio agestor* and in *Diadema nama*, and all three insects not unfrequently come together in collections made at Darjeeling. In the Philippine Islands the large and curious *Idea leuconoe*

with its semi-transparent white wings, veined and spotted with black, is copied by the rare *Papilio idæoides* from the same islands.

In the Malay archipelago the very common and beautiful *Euplœa midamus* is so exactly mimicked by two rare *Papilios* (*P. paradoxa* and *P. ænigma*) that Mr. Wallace generally caught them under the impression that they were the more common species; and the equally common and even more beautiful *Euplœa rhadamanthus*, with its pure white bands and spots on a ground of glossy blue and black, is reproduced in the *Papilio caunus*. Here also there are species of *Diadema*, imitating the same group in two or three instances; but we shall have to adduce these further on in connexion with another branch of the subject.

It has been already mentioned that in South America there is a group of *Papilios* which have all the characteristics of a protected race, and whose peculiar colours and markings are imitated by other butterflies not so protected. There is just such a group also in the East, having very similar colours and the same habits, and these also are mimicked by other species in the same genus not closely allied to them, and also by a few of other families. *Papilio hector*, a common Indian butterfly of a rich black colour spotted with crimson, is so closely copied by *Papilio romulus*, that the latter insect has been thought to be its female. A close examination shows, however, that it is essentially different, and belongs to another section of the genus. *Papilio antiphus* and *P. diphilus*, black swallow-tailed butterflies with cream-coloured spots, are so well imitated by varieties of *P. theusis*, that several writers have classed them as the same species. *Papilio liris*, found only in the Island of Timor, is accompanied there by *P. anomalous*, the female of which so exactly resembles it, that they can hardly be separated in the cabinet, and on the wing are quite undistinguishable. But one of the most curious cases is the fine yellow-spotted *Papilio cœon*, which is unmistakably imitated by the female tailed form of *Papilio memnon*. These are both from Sumatra; but in North India *P. cœon* is replaced by another species, which has been named *P. doubledayi*, having red spots instead of yellow; and in the same district the corresponding female tailed form of *Papilio androgeus*, sometimes considered a variety of *P. memnon*, is similarly red-spotted. Mr. Westwood has described some curious day-flying moths (*Epicopeia*)

from North India, which have the form and colouring of *Papilio* of this section, and two of these are very good imitations of *Papilio polydorus* and *Papilio varuna*, also from North India.

Almost all these cases of mimicry are from the tropics, where the forms of life are more abundant, and where insect development especially is of unchecked luxuriance; but there are also one or two instances in temperate regions. In North America the large and handsome red and black butterfly *Danaus erippus*, is very common; and the same country is inhabited by *Limenitis archippus*, which closely resembles the *Danaus*, while it differs entirely from every species of its own genus.

The only case of probable mimicry in our own country is the following:—A very common white moth (*Spilosoma menthastri*) was found by Mr. Stainton to be rejected by young turkeys among hundreds of other moths on which they greedily fed. Each bird in succession took hold of this moth and threw it down again, as if too nasty to eat. We may therefore fairly conclude that this species would be disagreeable to many other birds, and would thus have an immunity from attack, which may be the cause of its great abundance and of its conspicuous white colour. Now it is a curious thing that there is another moth, *Diaphora mendica*, which appears about the same time, and whose female only is white. It is about the same size as *Spilosoma menthastri*, and sufficiently resembles it in the dusk, and this moth is much less common. It seems very probable, therefore, that these species stand in the same relation to each other as the mimicking butterflies of various families do to the *Heliconiæ* and *Danaidæ*. It would be very interesting to experiment on all white moths, to ascertain if those which are most common are generally rejected by birds. It may be anticipated that they would be so, because white is the most conspicuous of all colours for nocturnal insects, and had they not some other protection, would certainly be very injurious to them.

In the preceding cases we have found *Lepidoptera* imitating other species of the same order, and such species only as we have good reason to believe were free from the attacks of many insectivorous creatures; but there are other instances in which they altogether lose the external appearance of the order to which they belong, and take on the dress of bees or wasps—insects which have an undeniable protection in their stings.

The *Sesiidæ* and *Ægeriidæ*, two families of day-flying moths, are particularly remarkable in this respect, and a mere inspection of the names given to the various species shows how the resemblance has struck every one. We have *apiformis*, *vesipiforme*, *ichneumoniforme*, *scolieforme*, *sphegiforme* (bee-like, wasp-like, ichneumon-like, &c.) and many others, all indicating a resemblance to stinging *Hymenoptera*. In Britain we may particularly notice *Sesia bombiliformis*, which very closely resembles the male of the large and common humble-bee, *Bombus hortorum*; *Sphecia craboniforme*, which is coloured like a hornet, and is (on the authority of Mr. Jenner Weir) much more like it when alive than when in the cabinet, from the way in which it carries its wings; and the little currant clear-wing *Trochilium tipuliforme* resembles a small black wasp (*Odynerus sinuatus*) very abundant in gardens at the same season. It has been so much the practice to look upon these resemblances as mere curious analogies, playing no part in the economy of nature, that we have scarcely any observations of the habits and appearance when alive of the hundreds of species of these groups in various parts of the world, or how far they are accompanied by *Hymenoptera*, which they specifically resemble. There are many species in India (like those figured by Professor Westwood in his "Oriental Entomology"), which have the hind legs very broad and densely hairy, so as exactly to imitate the brush-legged bees (*Scopulipedes*) which abound in the same country. In this case we have more than mere resemblance of colour, for that which is an important functional structure in the one group is imitated in another whose habits render it perfectly useless.

It may fairly be expected that if these imitations of one creature by another really serve as a protection to weak and decaying species, instances of the same kind will be found among other groups than the *Lepidoptera*; and such is the case, although they are seldom so prominent and so easily recognized as those already pointed out as occurring in that order. A few very interesting examples may, however be pointed out in most of the other orders of insects. The *Coleoptera* or beetles that imitate other *Coleoptera* of distinct groups are very numerous in tropical countries, and they generally follow the laws already laid down as regulating these phenomena. The insects which others imitate always have a special protection, which leads them to be avoided as dangerous or

uneatable by small insectivorous animals; some have a disgusting taste (analogous to that of the *Heliconiæ*); others have such a hard and stony covering that they cannot be crushed or digested; while a third set are very active, and armed with powerful jaws, as well as having some disagreeable secretion. Some species of *Eumorphidæ* and *Hispidæ*, small flat or hemispherical beetles which are exceedingly abundant, and have a disagreeable secretion, are imitated by others of the very distinct group of *Longicornes* (of which our common musk-beetle may be taken as an example). The extraordinary little *Cyclopeplus batesii*, belongs to the same sub-family of this group as the *Onychocerus scorio* and *O. concentricus*, which have already been adduced as imitating with such wonderful accuracy the bark of the trees they habitually frequent; but it differs totally in outward appearance from every one of its allies, having taken upon itself the exact shape and colouring of a globular *Corynomalus*, a little stinking beetle with clubbed antennæ. It is curious to see how these clubbed antennæ are imitated by an insect belonging to a group with long slender antennæ. The sub-family *Anisocerina*, to which *Cyclopeplus* belongs, is characterized by all its members possessing a little knob or dilatation about the middle of the antennæ. This knob is considerably enlarged in *C. batesii*, and the terminal portion of the antennæ beyond it is so small and slender as to be scarcely visible, and thus an excellent substitute is obtained for the short clubbed antennæ of the *Corynomalus*. *Erythrophatis corallifer* is another curious broad flat beetle, that no one would take for a Longicorn, since it almost exactly resembles *Cephalodonta spinipes*, one of the commonest of the South American *Hispidæ*; and what is still more remarkable, another Longicorn of a distinct group, *Streptolabis hispidoides*, was found by Mr. Bates, which resembles the same insect with equal minuteness,—a case exactly paralleled to that among butterflies, where species of two or three distinct groups mimicked the same *Heliconia*. Many of the soft-winged beetles (*Malacodermes*) are excessively abundant in individuals, and it is probable that they have some similar protection, more especially as other species often strikingly resemble them. A Longicorn beetle, *Pæciloderma terminale*, found in Jamaica, is coloured exactly in the same way as a *Lycus* (one of the *Malacodermes*) from the same island. *Eroschema poweri*, a Longicorn from Australia, might certainly be taken for one of the same group, and several

species from the Malay Islands are equally deceptive. In the Island of Celebes is found one of this group, having the whole body and elytra of a rich deep blue colour, with the head only orange; and in company with it an insect of a totally different family (*Eucnemidæ*) with identically the same colouration, and of so nearly the same size and form as to completely puzzle the collector on every fresh occasion of capturing them.*

There are a number of the larger tropical weevils which have the elytra and the whole covering of the body so hard as to be a great annoyance to the entomologist, because, in attempting to transfix them, the points of his pins are constantly turned. We have found it necessary in these cases to drill a hole very carefully with the point of a sharp penknife before attempting to insert a pin. Many of the fine long-antennæd *Anthribidæ* (an allied group) have to be treated in the same way. We can easily understand that, after small birds have in vain attempted to eat these insects, they should get to know them by sight, and ever after leave them alone, and it will then be an advantage for other insects which are comparatively soft and eatable to be mistaken for them. We need not be surprised, therefore, to find that there are many Longicorns which strikingly resemble the "hard" beetles of their own district. In South Brazil, *Acanthotritus dorsalis* is strikingly like a *Curculio* of the hard genus *Heilipus*, and Mr. Bates assures us that he found *Gynnocerus cratosomoides* (a Longicorn) on the same tree with a hard *Cratosomus* (a weevil), which it exactly mimics. Again, the pretty Longicorn *Phacellocera batesii*, mimics one of the hard *Anthribidæ* of the genus *Ptychoderes*, having long slender antennæ. In the Moluccas, we find *Cacia anthriboides*, a small Longicorn which might be easily mistaken for a very common species of *Anthribidæ* found in the same districts; and the very rare *Capnolymma stygium* closely imitates the common *Mecocerus gazella*, which abounded where it was taken. *Doliops curculionoides* and other allied Longicorns from the Philippine Islands most curiously resemble, both in form and colouring, the brilliant *Pachyrhyn-*

* Since writing the preceding lines, we have been informed by Mr. Jenner Weir, who keeps a variety of small birds, that none of them will touch our common "soldiers and sailors" (species of *Malacodermes*), thus confirming, in a remarkable manner, the anticipation we had formed that they were in some way a protected group, from the fact of their being at once very abundant, of conspicuous colours, and the objects of mimicry.

chi, — Curculionidæ, which are almost peculiar to that group of islands. The remaining family of Coleoptera most frequently imitated is the Cicindelidæ. The rare and curious Longicorn, *Collyrodes lacordairei*, has exactly the form and colouring of the genus *Collyris*, while an undescribed species of *Heteromera* is exactly like a *Therates*, and was taken running on the trunks of trees, as is the habit of that group. There is one curious example of a Longicorn mimicking a Longicorn, like the *Papilio* and *Heliconidæ*, which mimic their own allies. *Agnia fasciata*, belonging to the sub-family *Hypselominæ*, and *Nemophas grayi*, belonging to the *Lamiinæ*, were taken in Amboyna on the same fallen tree at the same time, and were supposed to be the same species till they were more carefully examined, and found to be structurally quite different. The colouring of these insects is very remarkable, being rich steel-blue black, crossed by broad hairy bands of orange-buff, and out of the many thousands of known species of Longicorns they are probably the only two which are so colored. The *Nemophas grayi* is the larger, stronger, and better armed insect, and belongs to a more widely spread and dominant group, very rich in species and individuals, and is therefore most probably the subject of mimicry by the other species.

We will now adduce a few cases in which beetles imitate other insects, and insects of other orders imitate beetles.

Charis melipona, a South American Longicorn of the family *Necydalidæ*, has been so named from its resemblance to a small bee of the genus *Melipona*. It is one of the most remarkable cases of mimicry, since the beetle has the thorax and body densely hairy like the bee, and the legs are tufted in a manner most unusual in the order Coleoptera. Another Longicorn, *Odontocera odyneroidea*, has the abdomen banded with yellow, and constricted at the base, and is altogether so exactly like a small common wasp of the genus *Odynerus*, that Mr. Bates informs us he was afraid to take it out of his net with his fingers for fear of being stung. Had Mr. Bates's taste for insects been less omnivorous than it was, the beetle's disguise might have saved it from his pin, as it had no doubt often done from the beak of hungry birds. A larger insect, *Sphecomorpha chalybea*, is exactly like one of the large metallic blue wasps, and like them has the abdomen connected with the thorax by a pedicel, rendering the deception most complete and striking. Many Eastern species of Longi-

corns of the genus *Oberia*, when on the wing exactly resemble *Tenthredinidæ*, and many of the small species of *Hesthesis* run about on timber, and cannot be distinguished from ants. There is one genus of South American Longicorns that appears to mimic the shielded bugs of the genus *Scutellera*. The *Gymnocerus capucinus* is one of these, and is very like *Pachyotris fabricii*, one of the *Scutelleridæ*. The beautiful *Gymnocerus dulcissimus* is also very like the same group of insects, though there is no known species that exactly corresponds to it; but this is not to be wondered at, as the tropical Hemiptera have been comparatively so little cared for by collectors.

The most remarkable case of an insect of another order mimicking a beetle is that of the *Condylodera tricondyloidea*, one of the cricket family from the Philippine Islands, which is so exactly like a *Tricondyla* (one of the tiger beetles), that such an experienced entomologist as Professor Westwood placed it among them in his cabinet, and retained it there a long time before he discovered his mistake! Both insects run along the trunks of trees, and whereas *Tricondyas* are very plentiful, the insect that mimics it is, as in all other cases, very rare. Mr. Bates also informs us that he found at Santarem on the Amazon a species of locust which mimicked one of the tiger beetles of the genus *Odontocheila*, and was found on the same trees which they frequented.

There are a considerable number of Diptera, or two-winged flies that closely resemble wasps and bees, and no doubt derive much benefit from the wholesome dread which those insects excite. The *Midas* dives, and other species of large Brazilian flies, have dark wings and metallic blue elongate bodies, resembling the large stinging *Sphegidæ* of the same country; and a very large fly of the genus *Asilus* has black banded wings and the abdomen tipped with rich orange, so as exactly to resemble the fine bee *Euglossa dimidiata*, and both are found in the same parts of South America. We have also in our own country species of *Bombylius* which are almost exactly like bees. In these cases the end gained by the mimicry is no doubt freedom from attack, but it has sometimes an altogether different purpose. There are a number of parasitic flies whose larvæ feed upon the larvæ of bees, such as the British genus *Volucella* and many of the tropical *Bombylii*, and most of these are exactly like the particular species of bee they prey upon, so that

they can enter their nests unsuspected to deposit their eggs. There are also bees that mimic bees. The cuckoo bees of the genus *Nomada* are parasitic on the *Andrenidæ*, and they resemble either wasps or species of *Andrena*; and the parasitic humble-bees of the genus *Apathus* almost exactly resemble the species of humble-bees in whose nests they are reared. Mr. Bates informs us that he found numbers of these "cuckoo"-bees and flies on the Amazon, which all wore the livery of working bees peculiar to the same country.

There is a genus of small spiders in the tropics which feed on ants, and they are exactly like ants themselves, which no doubt gives them more opportunity of seizing their prey; and Mr. Bates found on the Amazon a species of *Mantis* which exactly resembled the white ants which it had fed upon, as well as several species of crickets (*Scaphura*), which resembled in a wonderful manner different sand wasps of large size, which are constantly on the search for crickets to provision their nests with.

Perhaps the most extraordinary of all is the large caterpillar mentioned by Mr. Bates, which startled him by its close resemblance to a small snake. The first three segments behind the head were dilatable at the will of the insect, and had on each side a large black pupillated spot, which resembled the eye of the reptile. Moreover, it resembled a poisonous viper, not a harmless species of snake, as was proved by the imitation of keeled scales on the crown produced by the recumbent feet, as the caterpillar threw itself backward!

The attitudes of many of the tropical spiders are most extraordinary and deceptive, but little attention has been paid to them. They often mimic other insects, and some, Mr. Bates assures us, are exactly like flower-buds, and take their station in the axils of leaves, where they remain motionless waiting for their prey.

Having thus shown how varied and extraordinary are the modes in which mimicry occurs among insects, we have now to inquire if any thing of the same kind is to be observed among vertebrated animals. When we consider all the conditions necessary to produce a good deceptive imitation, we shall see at once that such can very rarely occur in the higher animals, since they possess none of those facilities for the almost infinite modifications of external form which exist in the very nature of insect organization. The outer covering of insects being more or less solid and horny,

they are capable of almost any amount of change of form and appearance without any essential modification internally. In many groups, the wings give much of the character, and these organs may be much modified both in form and colour without interfering with their special functions. Again: the number of species of insects is so great, and there is such diversity of form and proportion in every group, that the chances of an accidental approximation in size, form, and colour, of one insect to another of a different group, are very considerable; and it is these chance approximations that furnish the basis of mimicry, to be continually advanced and perfected by the survival of those varieties only which tend in the right direction.

In the Vertebrata, on the contrary, the skeleton being internal, the external form depends almost entirely on the proportions and arrangement of that skeleton which again is strictly adapted to the functions necessary for the well-being of the animal. The form cannot therefore be rapidly modified by variation, and the thin and flexible integument will not admit of the development of such strange protuberances as occur continually in insects. The number of species of each group in the same country is also comparatively small, and thus the chances of that first accidental resemblance which is necessary for natural selection to work upon are much diminished. We can hardly see the possibility of a mimicry by which the elk could escape from the wolf, or the buffalo from the tiger. There is, however, in one group of Vertebrata such a general similarity of form, that a very slight modification, if accompanied by identity of colour, would produce the necessary amount of resemblance; and at the same time there exist a number of species which it would be advantageous for others to resemble, since they are armed with the most fatal weapons of offence. We accordingly find that reptiles furnish us with a very remarkable and instructive case of true mimicry.

There are in tropical America a number of venomous snakes of the genus *Elaps*, which are ornamented with brilliant colours disposed in a peculiar manner. The ground colour is generally bright red, on which are black bands of various widths and sometimes divided into two or three by yellow rings. Now, in the same country are found several genera of harmless snakes, having no affinity whatever with the above, but coloured exactly the same. For example, the poisonous *Elaps fulvius* often occurs

in Guatemala with simple black bands on a coral red-ground; and in the same country is found the harmless snake *Pliocerus equialis*, coloured and banded in identically the same manner. A variety of *Elaps coralinus* has the black bands narrowly bordered with yellow on the same red ground colour; and a harmless snake, *Homalocranium semicinctum* has exactly the same markings, and both are found in Mexico. The deadly *Elaps lemniscatus* has the black bands very broad, and each of them divided into three by narrow yellow rings; and this again is exactly copied by a harmless snake, *Pliocerus elapoides*, which is found along with its model in Mexico.

But, more remarkable still, there is in South America a third group of snakes, the genus *Oxyrhopus*, doubtfully venomous, and having no immediate affinity with either of the preceding, which has also the same curious distribution of colours, namely, variously disposed rings of red, yellow, and black; and there are some cases in which species of all three of these groups similarly marked inhabit the same district. For example, in *Elaps hemiprichii* the ground colour appears to be black, with alternations of two narrow yellow bands and a broader red one; and of this pattern again we have an exact double in *Oxyrhopus formosus*, both being found in many localities of tropical South America.

What adds much to the extraordinary character of these resemblances is the fact, that nowhere in the world but in America are there any snakes at all which have this style of colouring. Dr. Gunther, of the British Museum, who has kindly furnished the details here referred to, assures us that this is the case; and that red, black, and yellow rings occur together on no other snakes in the world but on *Elaps* and the species which so closely resemble it. In all these cases, the size and form as well as the colouration, are so much alike, that none but a naturalist would distinguish the harmless from the poisonous species.

Many of the small tree-frogs are no doubt also mimickers. When seen in their natural attitudes, we have been often unable to distinguish them from beetles or other insects sitting upon leaves; but regret to say we neglected to observe what species or groups they most resembled, and the subject does not yet seem to have attracted the attention of naturalists abroad.

In the class of birds there are a number of cases that make some approach to mimicry, such as the resemblance of the cuckoos, a weak and defenceless group of birds, to

hawks and Gallinacæ. There is, however, one example which goes much further than this, and seems to be of exactly the same nature as the many cases of insect mimicry which have been already given. In Australia and the Moluccas there is a genus of Honey-suckers called *Tropidorhynchus*, good sized birds, very strong and active, having powerful grasping claws, and long, curved, sharp beaks. They assemble together in groups and small flocks, and they have a very loud bawling note, which can be heard at a great distance, and serves to collect a number together in time of danger. They are very plentiful and very pugnacious, frequently driving away crows and even hawks which perch on a tree where a few of them are assembled. They are all of rather dull and obscure colours. Now in the same countries there is a group of orioles, forming the genus *Mimeta*, much weaker birds, which have lost the gay colouring of their allies, and are usually olive-green or brown, and in several cases these have come to resemble most curiously the *Tropidorhynchus* of the same island. For example, in the Island of Bouru is found the *Tropidorhynchus bouruensis* of a dull earthy colour, and the *Mimeta bouruensis*, which resembles it in the following particulars:—The upper and under surfaces of the two birds are exactly of the same tints of dark and light brown; the *Tropidorhynchus* has a large bare black patch round the eyes; this is copied in the *Mimeta* by a patch of black feathers. The top of the head of the *Tropidorhynchus* has a scaly appearance from the narrow scaled-formed feathers, which are imitated by the broader feathers of the *Mimeta* having a dusky line down each. The *Tropidorhynchus* has a pale ruff formed of curious recurved feathers on the nape (which has given the whole genus the name of Friar birds); this is represented in the *Mimeta* by a pale band in the same position. Lastly, the bill of the *Tropidorhynchus* is raised into a protuberant keel at the base, and the *Mimeta* has the same character, although it is not a common one in the genus. The result is, that, on a superficial examination, the birds are identical, although they have important structural differences, and cannot be placed near each other in any natural arrangement.*

Passing to the Island of Ceram, we find allied species of both genera. The *Tropi-*

* As a proof that the resemblance is really deceptive, it may be mentioned that the *Mimeta* is figured and described as a honey-sucker in the costly "Voyage de l'Astrolabe," under the name of *Philedon bouruensis*!

dorhynchus subcornutus is of an earthy brown colour washed with yellow ochre, with bare orbits, dusky cheeks, and the usual pale recurved nape-ruff. The *Mimeta forsteni* is absolutely identical in the tints of every part of the body, the details of which are imitated in the same manner as in the Bouru birds already described. In two other islands there is an approximation towards mimicry, although it is not so perfect as in the two preceding cases. In Timor, the *Tropidorhynchus timoriensis* is of the usual earthy brown above, with the nape-ruff very prominent, the cheeks black, the throat nearly white, and the whole under surface pale whitish brown. These various tints are all well reproduced in *Mimeta virescens*, the chief want of exact imitation being that the throat and breast of the *Tropidorhynchus* has a very scaly appearance, being covered with rigid pointed feathers, which are not imitated in the *Mimeta*, although there are signs of faint dusky spots which may easily furnish the groundwork of a more exact imitation by the continued survival of favourable variations in the same direction. There is also a large knob at the base of the bill of the *Tropidorhynchus* which is not at all imitated by the *Mimeta*. In the Island of Morty (north of Gilolo) there exists the *Tropidorhynchus fuscicapillus*, of a dark sooty brown colour, especially on the head, while the under parts are rather lighter, and the characteristic ruff of the nape is wanting. Now it is curious that in the adjacent Island of Gilolo should be found the *Mimeta phaeochromus*, the upper surface of which is of exactly the same dark sooty tint as the *Tropidorhynchus*, and is the only known species that is of such a dark colour. The under side is not quite light enough, but it is a good approximation. This *Mimeta* is a rare bird, and may very probably exist in Morty, though not yet found there; or, on the other hand, recent changes in physical geography may have led to the restriction of the *Tropidorhynchus* to that island, where it is very common.

Here, then, we have two cases of perfect mimicry and two others of good approximation, occurring between species of the same two genera of birds; and in three of these cases the pairs that resemble each other are found together in the same island, and to which they are peculiar. In all these cases the *Tropidorhynchus* is rather larger than the *Mimeta*, but the difference is not beyond the limits of variation in species, and the two genera are somewhat alike in form and proportion. There are, no doubt, some

special enemies by which many small birds are attacked, but which are afraid of the *Tropidorhynchus* (probably some of the hawks), and thus it becomes advantageous for the weak *Mimeta* to resemble the strong, pugnacious, noisy, and very abundant *Tropidorhynchus*.

Among the Mammalia the only case which may be true mimicry is that of the insectivorous genus *Cladobates*, found in the Malay countries, several species of which very closely resemble squirrels. The size is about the same, the long bushy tail is carried in the same way, and the colours are very similar. In this case the use of the resemblance must be to enable the *Cladobates* to approach the insects or small birds on which it feeds, under the disguise of the harmless fruit-eating squirrel.

Having now completed our survey of the most prominent and remarkable cases of mimicry that have yet been noticed, we must say something of the objections that have been made to the theory of their production given by Mr. Bates, and which we have endeavoured to illustrate and enforce in the preceding pages. Three counter explanations have been proposed. Professor Westwood admits the fact of the mimicry and its probable use to the insect, but maintains that each species was created a mimic for the purpose of the protection thus afforded it. Mr. Andrew Murray, in his paper on the "Disguises of Nature," inclines to the opinion that similar conditions of food and of surrounding circumstances have acted in some unknown way to produce the resemblances; and at a recent meeting of the Entomological Society of London, when the subject was discussed, Dr. Sharp maintained a similar view, and added a third objection — that hereditary or the reversion to ancestral types of form and colouration, might have produced many of the cases of mimicry.

Against the special creation of mimicking species there are all the objections and difficulties in the way of special creation in other cases, with the addition of a few that are peculiar to it. The most obvious is, that we have gradations of mimicry and of protective resemblance — a fact which is strongly suggestive of a natural process having been at work. Another very serious objection is, that as mimicry has been shown to be useful only to those species and groups which are rare and probably dying out, and would cease to have any effect should the proportionate abundance of the two species be reversed, it follows that on the special-creation theory the

one species must have been created plentiful, the other rare; and, notwithstanding the many causes that continually tend to alter the proportions of species, these two species must have always been specially maintained at their respective proportions, or the very purpose for which they each received their peculiar characteristics would have completely failed. A third difficulty is, that although it is very easy to understand how mimicry may be brought about by variation and the survival of the fittest, it seems a very strange thing for a Creator to protect an animal by making it imitate another, when the very assumption of a Creator implies his power to create it so as to require no such circuitous protection. These appear to be fatal objections to the application of the special-creation theory to this particular case.

The other two supposed explanations, which may be shortly expressed as the theories of "similar conditions" and of "heredity," agree in making mimicry, where it exists, an adventitious circumstance not necessarily connected with the well-being of the mimicking species. But several of the most striking and most constant facts which have been adduced directly contradict both these hypotheses. The law that mimicry is confined to a few groups only is one of these, for "similar conditions" must act more or less on all groups in a limited region, and "heredity" must influence all groups related to each other in an equal degree. Again, the general fact that those species which mimic others are rare, while those which are imitated are abundant, is in no way explained by either of these theories, any more than is the frequent occurrence of some palpable mode of protection in the imitated species. "Reversion to an ancestral type" no way explains why the imitator and the imitated always inhabit the very same district, whereas allied forms of every degree of nearness and remoteness generally inhabit different countries, and often different quarters of the globe; and neither it, nor "similar conditions," will account for the likeness between species of distinct groups being superficial only — a disguise, not a true resemblance; for the imitation of bark, of leaves, of sticks, of dung; for the resemblance between species in different orders, and even different classes and sub-kingdoms; and finally, for the graduated series of the phenomena, beginning with a general harmony and adaptation of tint in autumn and winter moths and in arctic and desert animals; and ending with those complete cases of detailed mim-

icry which not only deceive predacious animals, but puzzle the most experienced insect collectors and the most learned entomologists.

But there is yet another series of phenomena connected with this subject, which considerably strengthens the view here adopted, while it seems quite incompatible with either of the other hypotheses; namely, the relation of protective colouring and mimicry to the sexual differences of animals. It will be clear to every one that if two animals, which as regards "external conditions" and "hereditary descent," are exactly alike, yet differ remarkably in colouration, one resembling a protected species and the other not, the resemblance that exists in one only, can hardly be imputed to the influence of external conditions or as the effect of heredity. And if, further, it can be proved that the one requires protection more than the other, and that in several cases it is that one which mimics the protected species, while the one that least requires protection never does so, it will afford very strong corroborative evidence that there is a real connexion between the necessity for protection and the phenomenon of mimicry. Now the sexes of insects offer us a test of the nature here indicated, and appear to furnish one of the most conclusive arguments in favour of the theory that the phenomena termed "mimicry" are produced by natural selection.

The comparative importance of the sexes varies much in different classes of animals. In the higher vertebrates, where the number of young produced at a birth is small and the same individuals breed many years in succession, the preservation of both sexes is almost equally important. In all the numerous cases in which the male protects the female and her offspring, or helps to supply them with food, his importance in the economy of nature is proportionally increased, though it is never perhaps quite equal to that of the female. In insects the case is very different; they pair but once in their lives, and the prolonged existence of the male is in most cases quite unnecessary for the continuance of the race. The female, however, must continue to exist long enough to deposit her eggs in a place adapted for the development and growth of the progeny. Hence there is a wide difference in the need for protection in the two sexes; and we should, therefore, expect to find that in some cases the special protection given to the female was in the male less in amount or altogether wanting. The facts entirely confirm this expectation. In

the spectre insects (Phasmidæ) it is often the females alone that so strikingly resemble leaves, while the males show only a rude approximation. The male *Diadema bolina* is a very handsome and conspicuous butterfly, without a sign of protective or imitative colouring, while the female is entirely unlike her partner, and is one of the most wonderful cases of mimicry on record, resembling most accurately the common *Danais chrysippus*, in whose company it is often found. So in several species of South American *Pieris*, the males are white and black, of a similar type of colouring to our own "cabbage" butterflies, while the females are rich yellow and buff, spotted and marked so as to exactly resemble species of *Heliconidæ* with which they associate in the forest. In the Malay archipelago Mr. Wallace found a *Diadema* which had always been considered a male insect on account of its glossy metallic-blue tints, while its companion of sober brown was looked upon as the female. He discovered, however, that the reverse is the case, and that the rich and glossy colours of the female are imitative and protective, since they cause her exactly to resemble the common *Euploea midamus* of the same regions, a species which has been already mentioned in this article as mimicked by another butterfly, *Papilio paradoxa*. In this case, and in that of *Diadema bolina*, there is no difference in the habits of the two sexes, which fly in similar localities; so that the influence of "external conditions" cannot be invoked here as it has been in the case of the South American *Pieris pyrrha* and allies, where the white males frequent open sunny places, while the *Heliconia*-like females haunt the shades of the forest.

We may impute to the same general cause (the greater need of protection for the female, owing to her weaker flight, greater exposure to attack, and supreme importance) — the fact of the colours of female insects being so very generally duller and less conspicuous than those of the other sex. And that it is chiefly due to this cause rather than to what Mr. Darwin terms "sexual selection" appears to be shown by the otherwise inexplicable fact, that in the groups which have a protection of any kind independent of concealment, sexual differences of colour are either quite wanting or slightly developed. The *Heliconidæ* and *Danaidæ*, protected by a disagreeable flavour, have the females as bright and conspicuous as the males, and very rarely differing at all from them. The stinging Hymenoptera have the two sexes equally well coloured. The

Carabidæ, the Chrysomelidæ, and the Telephori have both sexes equally conspicuous, and seldom differing in colours. The brilliant Curculios, which are protected by their hardness, are brilliant in both sexes. Lastly, the glittering Cetonidæ and Buprestidæ, which seem to be protected by their hard and polished coats, their rapid motions and peculiar habits, present few sexual differences of colour, while sexual selection has often manifested itself by structural differences, such as horns, spines, or other processes.

The same law manifests itself in Birds. The female while sitting on her eggs requires protection by concealment to a much greater extent than the male; and we accordingly find that in a large majority of the cases in which the male birds are distinguished by unusual brilliancy of plumage, the females are much more obscure, and often remarkably plain-coloured. The exceptions are such as eminently to prove the rule, for in most cases we can see a very good reason for them. In particular, there are a few instances among wading and gallinaceous birds in which the female has decidedly more brilliant colours than the male; but it is a most curious and interesting fact that in most if not all these cases the males sit upon the eggs; so that this exception to the usual rule almost demonstrates that it is because the process of incubation is at once very important and very dangerous, that the protection of obscure colouring is developed. The most striking example is that of the sooty phalarope (*Phalaropus fulicarius*, Linn.) In winter plumage the sexes of this bird are alike in colouration, but in summer the female is much the most conspicuous, having a black head, dark wings, and reddish-brown back, while the male is nearly uniform brown, with dusky spots. Mr. Gould in his "Birds of Great Britain" figures the two sexes in both winter and summer plumage, and remarks on the strange peculiarity of the usual colours of the two sexes being reversed, and also on the still more curious fact that the "male alone sits on the eggs," which are deposited on the bare ground. In another British bird, the dotterell, the female is also larger and more brightly-coloured than the male; and it seems to be proved that the males assist in incubation even if they do not perform it entirely, for Mr. Gould tells us, "that they have been shot with the breast bare of feathers, caused by sitting on the eggs." The small quail-like birds forming the genus *Turnix* have also generally large and bright-coloured females, and we are

told by Mr. Jerdon in his "Birds of India" that "the natives report that during the breeding season the females desert their eggs and associate in flocks while the males are employed in hatching the eggs." It is also an ascertained fact that the females are more bold and pugnacious than the males. A further confirmation of this view is to be found in the fact (not hitherto noticed), that in a large majority of the cases in which bright colours exist in both sexes, incubation takes place in a dark hole or in a dome-shaped nest. Female kingfishers are often equally brilliant with the male, and they build in holes in banks. Bee-eaters, trogons, motmots, and toucans, all build in holes, and in none is there any difference in the sexes, although they are, without exception, showy birds. Parrots build in holes in trees, and in the majority of cases they present no marked sexual difference tending to the concealment of the female. Woodpeckers are in the same category, since though the sexes often differ in colour, the female is not generally less conspicuous than the male. Wagtails and titmice build concealed nests, and the females are nearly as gay as their mates. The female of the pretty Australian bird *Pardalotus punctatus*, is very conspicuously spotted on the upper surface, and it builds in a hole in the ground. The gay-coloured hang-nests (*Icterinæ*) and the equally brilliant Tanagers may be well contrasted; for the former, concealed in their covered nests, present little or no sexual difference of colour, — while the open-nested Tanagers have the females dull-coloured and sometimes with almost protective tints. No doubt there are many individual exceptions to the rule here indicated, because many and various causes have combined to determine both the colouration and the habits of birds. These have no doubt acted and re-acted on each other; and then under changed conditions it may well have happened that one has become modified, while the other has been continued by hereditary descent, and exists as an apparent exception to what otherwise seems a very general rule. The facts presented to us by the sexual differences of colour in birds and their mode of nesting, are on the whole in perfect harmony with that law of protective adaptation of colour and form, which appears to have checked to some extent the powerful action of sexual selection, and to have materially influenced the colouring of female birds, as it has undoubtedly done that of female insects.

We have now completed a brief, and necessarily very imperfect, survey of the various ways in which the external form and colouring of animals is adapted to be useful to them, either by concealing them from their enemies or from the creatures they prey upon. It has, we hope, been shown that the subject is one of much interest, both as regards a true comprehension of the place each animal fills in the economy of nature, and the means by which it is enabled to maintain that place; and also as teaching us how important a part is played by the minutest details in the structure of animals, and how complicated and delicate is the equilibrium of the organic world.

Our exposition of the subject having been necessarily somewhat lengthy and full of details, it will be as well to recapitulate its main points.

There is a general harmony in nature between the colours of an animal and those of its habitation. Arctic animals are white, desert animals are sand-coloured, dwellers among leaves and grass are green, nocturnal animals are dusky. These colours are not universal, but are very general, and are seldom reversed. Going on a little further, we find birds, reptiles, and insects tinted and mottled so as exactly to match the rock, or bark, or leaf, or flower they are accustomed to rest upon, — and thereby effectually concealed. Another step in advance, and we have insects which are formed as well as coloured so as exactly to resemble particular leaves, or sticks, or mossy twigs, or flowers; and in these cases very peculiar habits and instincts come into play to aid in the deception, and render the concealment more natural. We now enter upon a new phase of the phenomena, and come to creatures whose colours neither conceal them nor make them like vegetable or mineral substances; on the contrary, they are conspicuous enough, but they completely resemble some other creature of quite a different group, while they differ much in outward appearance from those with which all essential parts of their organization show them to be really closely allied. They appear like actors or masqueraders dressed up and painted for amusement, or like swindlers endeavouring to pass themselves off for well-known and respectable members of society. What is the meaning of this strange travesty. Does Nature descend to imposture or masquerade? We answer, she does not. Her principles are too severe. There is a use in every detail of her handiwork. The resemblance of one animal to another is of exactly the same essential nature as the re-

semblance to a leaf, or to bark, or to desert sand, and answers exactly the same purpose. In the one case, the enemy will not attack the leaf or the bark, and so the disguise is a safeguard; in the other case it is found that for various reasons the creature resembled is passed over and not attacked by the usual enemies of its order, and thus the creature that resembles it has an equally effectual safeguard. We are plainly shown that the disguise is of the same nature in the two cases, by the occurrence in the same group of one species resembling a vegetable substance, while another resembles a living animal of another group; and we know that the creatures resembled possess an immunity from attack, by their being always very abundant, by their being conspicuous and not concealing themselves, and by their having generally no visible means of escape from their enemies; while, at the same time, the particular quality that makes them disliked is often very clear, such as a nasty taste or an indigestible hardness. Further examination reveals the fact that, in several cases of both kinds of disguise, it is the female only that is thus disguised; and as it can be shown that the female needs protection much more than the male, and that her preservation for a much longer period is absolutely necessary for the continuance of the race, we have an additional indication that the resemblance is in all cases subservient to a great purpose — the preservation of the species.

In endeavoring to explain these phenomena as having been brought about by variation and natural selection, we start with the fact that white varieties frequently occur, and when protected from enemies show no incapacity for continued existence and increase. We know, further, that varieties of many other tints occasionally occur; and as "the survival of the fittest" must inevitably weed out those whose colours are prejudicial, and preserve those whose colours are a safeguard, we require no other mode of accounting for the protective tints of arctic and desert animals. But this being granted, there is such a perfectly continuous and graduated series of examples of every kind of protective imitation, up to the most wonderful cases of what is termed "mimicry," that we can find no place at which to draw the line, and say, "so far variation and natural selection will account for the phenomena, but for all the rest we require a more potent cause." The counter theories that have been proposed, that of the "special creation" of each imitative form, that of the action of "similar condi-

tions of existence" for some of the cases, and of the laws of "hereditary descent and the reversion to ancestral forms" for others, — have all been shown to be beset with difficulties, and the two latter to be directly contradicted by some of the most constant and most remarkable of the facts to be accounted for.

The important part that "protective resemblance" has played in determining the colours and markings of many groups of animals will enable us to understand the meaning of one of the most striking facts in nature, the uniformity in the colours of the vegetable as compared with the wonderful diversity of the animal world. There appears no good reason why trees and shrubs should not have been adorned with as many varied hues and as strikingly designed patterns as birds and butterflies, since the gay colours of flowers show that there is no incapacity in vegetable tissues to exhibit them. But even flowers themselves present us with none of those wonderful designs, those complicated arrangements of stripes and dots and patches of colours, that harmonious blending of hues in lines and bands and shaded spots, which are so general a feature in insects. It is the opinion of Mr. Darwin that we owe all the beauty of flowers to the necessity of attracting insects to aid in their fertilization, and that much of the development of colour in the animal world is due to "sexual selection," colour being universally attractive, and thus leading to propagation and increase; but while fully admitting this, it will be evident, from the facts and arguments here brought forward, that very much of the *variety* both of colour and markings among animals is due to the supreme importance of concealment; and thus the various tints of minerals and vegetables have been directly reproduced in the animal kingdom, and again and again modified as more special protection became necessary. We shall thus have two causes for the development of colour in the animal world, and shall be better enabled to understand how, by their combined and separate action, the immense variety we now behold has been produced. Both causes, however, will come under the general law of "Utility," the advocacy of which, in its broadest sense, we owe almost entirely to Mr. Darwin.* A more accurate knowledge of the varied phenomena connected with this sub-

* Mr. Darwin has recognised the fact, that the colouring of female birds has been influenced by the need of protection during incubation. See "Origin of Species," 4th Ed., p 241.

ject may not improbably give us some information both as to the senses and the mental faculties of the lower animals. For it is evident that if colours which please us also attract them, and if the various disguises which have been here enumerated are equally deceptive to them as to ourselves, then both their powers of vision and their faculties of perception and emotion must be essentially of the same nature as our own — a fact of high philosophical importance in the study of our own nature, and our true relations to the lower animals.

Although such a variety of interesting facts have been already accumulated, the subject we have been discussing is one of which comparatively little is really known. The natural history of the tropics has never yet been studied on the spot with a full appreciation of "what to observe" in this matter. The varied ways in which the colouring and form of animals serves for their protection, their strange disguises as vegetable or mineral substances, their wonderful mimicry of other beings, offer an almost unworked and inexhaustible field of discovery for the zoologist, and will assuredly throw much light on the laws and conditions which have resulted in the wonderful variety of colour, shade, and marking which constitutes one of the most pleasing characteristics of the animal world, but the immediate causes of which it has hitherto been most difficult to explain.

If we have succeeded in showing that in this wide and picturesque domain of nature, results which have hitherto been supposed to depend either upon those incalculable combinations of laws which we term chance or upon the direct volition of the Creator, are really due to the action of comparatively well-known and simple causes, we shall have attained our present purpose, which has been to extend the interest so generally felt in the more striking facts of natural history to a large class of curious but much neglected details; and to further, in however slight a degree, the subjection of the phenomena of life to the "Reign of Law."

From the Sunday Magazine.

AN ATTEMPT TO ASCEND MOUNT ARARAT.

TOWARDS the close of the year, wearied with fertile solitudes and the barbarous Cossack, we determined to leave Russia, and make our way into the ancient kingdom of Persia. We deviated from the usual route

for the purpose of visiting Ararat. We accordingly made our way to Erivan, the capital of the district in which it stands, and residence of a Russian Governor. Either from policy or courtesy we had been provided with a Cossack escort, and so our arrival in a city rarely visited by strangers produced some sensation among its quiet inhabitants. Ere we entered, however, we paused upon the slopes above it to catch the last glories of the sun falling upon Mount Ararat. It seemed to stand on the far stretching plain before us, the world's great barrier-pyramid. Gracefully it rises to 17,500 feet, without any mountain-form to break the solitude of its reign. The lesser cone on its side alone varies the graceful outline of the whole. Its summit crowned with everlasting snows was now sparkling in dazzling brilliancy, and flooded with the golden light of heaven. Around its breast light vapory mists of softest hues hung floating; while below, along the almost boundless plain, the baser mists of earth were gathering fast, brooding over the storied Araxes, whose silver line disported in bold sweeps hither and thither over the broad level which forms the mountain's base. It is one of the most sublime and solemn spots I have visited in this fair creation of God. The mountain, the river, the plain, all open before you in a solitude so profound as to sober you into sadness, and make you feel, especially towards eventide, the spirit of the scene. Beyond the river's sparkling curve, and the mountain piercing into heaven, you see nothing in the far distance but the last stronghold of the Muscovite — a few checkered lines of cantonments, where he bides his time, ready to spring upon the expiring lion of Persia. As we stood gazing entranced, while lights and shades of every hue flitted in ceaseless play over the face of the lovely mountain, suddenly all was changed. Of all that was dazzling beauty before, nothing now remained but the cold ashy outline of the mountain against the sobered sky. The sun sunk to rest, and Death flung his twilight-shadows, darkening all around. As these deepened over the silent landscape, with a true feeling of the Eastern insecurity we hastened down into the city for shelter.

Our approach lay through dusty lanes, between mud walls, whose frequent gaps revealed to us neglected gardens behind, where, amid a tangled wilderness of weeds and flowers, peach and almond trees were flourishing, whose luxuriant branches continually wantoned over the walls into the road, incommoding our passage. We fol-

lowed a stream, now murmuring over pebbles, and now furrowing the soil into pools, through which our beasts toiled heavily. Tawny half-starved dogs kept pace with us, barking from the top of the walls an ungracious welcome. Low barred doorways appeared at intervals, carefully closed against approach. One or two that chanced to be open revealed a singular scene of domestic dirt and confusion within. Amidst rank rubbish-heaps you might see donkeys and horses, men, women, and children, sharing the common right of home in kindred and contented fellowship. You were sure, on suddenly looking back, to surprise a woman's head, curiously peering round by the doorpost after the stranger, while to save her modesty from his unhalloed gaze, she covered her lips with her hand, or drew the protecting yasmah (veil) across her mouth.

At length we emerged into a large square, two sides of which were occupied by the Governor's residence and the public offices, the others by a bazaar, and the Russian fortress, through which you pass into the country beyond. An English garden occupies the area of the square, where shrubs of various climes, and flowers amid rude parterres, are kept in languid existence by occasional streams of water poured around their thirsty roots. In the centre of this fragrant scene, overlooked by some grim pieces of ordnance, rises a pavilion for music breathed from harmonious Italy. For the anomalous Russ not only places his iron hand upon the Eastern world, but has taxed the science of Europe for his sway, and its richest melodies to charm his vacant hours. Passing through this square, where, as night was coming on, were few loungers, we made our way to the "station," a building provided everywhere at certain intervals in countries recently subjugated to Russia for the convenience of government official travellers. They are our Indian Dāk bungallows Russianized, or the French Algerian caravanserais. Supposing the stranger on his arrival to be admitted, he has a room assigned to him, where he finds a fire-place, a plain square table, a wooden bedstead, a couple of rude chairs, occasionally a small square looking-glass over the chimney, and, as the German says, "weiter nichts." I had nearly forgotten, however, one further indispensable and never-failing piece of furniture, namely; a small picture of the Virgin, or of the great Russian Saint Nicholas, perched high up in the corner of the room, with a lamp or candle ready before it for your inferred devotion. An old soldier re-

ceives you on your arrival, who is at once the guardian of the station, and your general servant. His first reception of you is "Si chasse! Si chasse!" which is the traveller's principal persecuting genius throughout all the Russias. It should signify *immediately*, but really means any remote indolent period your humble bowing attendant may determine. Be your wants ever so reasonable or urgent, it matters not, you must wait his will, unless indeed you are a general officer, then "si chasse" becomes an actuality, accompanied by the most obsequious consideration. In any other case your soldier-attendant is generally too stupid to understand your wants, or the endeavours of your servant to save him labour. But if you chance to be a foreigner, alas for you! for then he has understanding enough to be too patriotic to care for you or them. His own room is the gathering point for all the gossips of the place, and here in the kitchen he beguiles, under their surmises of the traveller's object, rank and destination, his languid preparations for your meal.

One welcome exception there is to all the dirt and dilatoriness proper to a Russian station, and that is in the ever ready presence of the Somavah. The stranger has scarcely entered his chamber, before a bright tea-urn hissing its welcome is placed before him, and a little porcelain teapot crowning its summit furnishes him with a beverage scarcely surpassed anywhere in tea-loving England. No one, not experienced in the fatigues of Russian travel, and the sluggish service of Russian attendants, can form an idea of the welcome of heart and eye with which I had been wont to greet the entrance of my country's domestic divinity. Well, we made our way to this harbour of refuge at Erivan. We were just listening to a cold refusal to our request for admission, under the scrutiny of a score of inquisitive eyes, which crowded at once to the door, when the *chef de police* came up, and said that he could find no better shelter for us than under his own roof. Here a large room was assigned to us, without, however, the blessing of privacy, for as the *chef's* house in Eastern lands is the common rendezvous of all idlers, and a traveller-guest is an especial object of curiosity, wondering eyes followed our every movement faithful as our own shadow.

The walls of our room were covered with Greek paintings of the favourite Muscovite divinities—the Virgin, the Russian Saint Nicholas, and our notable St. George in full tilt against the redoubtable dragon, belching forth volumes of sulphurous flames.

Each was graced with a small lamp flickering before it to enlighten devotion. These paintings, so universal in Russian houses, are some of them as delicate as the softest miniatures on enamel. Between these forms of worship were coloured prints of every conceivable subject. Battle-scenes were, however, the prevailing theme, where a few stalwart Russians victorious were beating down the serried battalions of the hated Frank. But at length, stretching my wearied limbs upon the welcome couch, I fell asleep, remembering the unfailing word, the wanderer's sweetest lullaby—"He that keepeth these will not slumber." "I will both lay me down in peace, and sleep: for Thou, Lord, only makest me dwell in safety."

The sun had already risen on the morrow ere we awoke, refreshed, to consciousness. The lullaby with which we had closed our eyes was succeeded now by the words of praise: "I laid me down and slept; I awaked, for the Lord sustained me." What a glorious sight met our first upward gaze! The snowy crown of Ararat was blazing beneath the morning sun—too bright for mortal gaze, while its lower sides, bathed in the dreamy witchery of lavender haze, seemed, though distant still, to be almost casting its shadow over us. Our earthly vision shrank quenched, absorbed by the flood of light that trembled in mid-heaven. The sun had now scattered the shades and mists of night, and was reigning, cloudless and alone, in the deep blue vault above us. If the form of Ararat showed so witchingly, a living form against the sky, alas for us, when we looked upon "the garden" upon which our room opened! It was the receptacle of every thing refuse and vile in the place. A few shrubs rose here and there amid the pestilential heaps; but as to odours, there was but one, and that of foulest miasma. We forswore the garden in consequence, and welcomed the noisy, dirty street in front.

In the course of the morning we went to pay our respects to the Governor. On our way to the Place we passed through a miniature edition of St. Petersburg. Droskies in full career, and square-built, square-faced men, in red cotton shirts, their trousers tucked within their high boots, met you at every turn. The features of this *avant-garde* of Russian encroachments reminded you of the captive Dacians, with which one is so familiar in the galleries of Rome. There was no lack of soldiers: stolid-looking men, in that unsightly undress which is part of Russian military costume—a long,

drab-coloured coat, reaching to their heels, and buttoned up to the throat, while a German cap, with a large visor, shaded their beetling brows. Almost every soldier we met was decorated with a Crimean medal.

The Governor, apprised of our coming, received us courteously in a *salle de réception*, a sort of a state chamber, in which articles of comfort and *vertu* were jumbled together with the ruder necessities of life. Our conversation turned upon mere common-places. The letter we presented to him showed him we were true men, and no spies, and so he proceeded to fulfil its requirements more honestly than, on a like occasion, we had experienced at the hands of French officials in Algeria. Orders were given to facilitate our progress to the mountain, and to insure consideration and respect to our persons. Not the least acceptable of his attentions was a letter to Colonel D—, the officer in command of the camp at the mountain itself. As the directions for these orders were given to an aide-de-camp, in writing, who would have to distribute them through a variety of Russian channels, with "Si chasse, si chasse," appended to each, we considered ourselves doomed, in consequence, to a lengthy stay in the city of Noah, and accordingly resigned ourselves patiently to our fate.

The next day, to relieve the weariness of delay, while the promised papers for our journey were preparing, we proceeded to the celebrated monastery of Eckmiadzin, to pay our respects to the Patriarch of the Armenian Church, an account of which may be reserved for the future.

We were agreeably surprised upon our return to find the Governor's ukase lying upon our table. We determined to start on the morrow. To pass the following day, the Sabbath, in the quiet shadow of the mountain, instead of within the house of the *chef de police*, exposed to every intruder, and all the shock of life, was too blessed an alternative to forego. Our skill and patience, however, were long and severely taxed, in stowing ourselves and baggage within our carriage,* to which the level plain of our route, it was said, would present no difficulty. So simple a matter, however, involved a world of trouble, for not only was the preparation novel to those employed, but our Nestorian servant became so scared and incapable, through dread of Russian officials, that we had to think and act for him. When, after a world of labour and

* The first which had ever been seen in that district.

strife, urging here and threatening there, we finally reduced chaos to order, we found at the last moment that the Bazaar had failed in its promise; so that we were just issuing out into the wilderness not only without certain creature-comforts, upon which our famished fancy had feasted on entering Erivan, but even without the necessities of life. No kid to yield us "savoury meat," nor meal for the cake, which is still as much the food of the land as when the first patriarchs of mankind spread here their dusky tents. Diligence and labour removed even this difficulty; but so slow, indifferent, and stupid were those we had to move, and alas! so fleet the hours, that we saw day's shadows already lengthening ere our carriage lumbered out of the town through filth and mire, gaping crowds and barking dogs. We fared well enough while we moved along through the new "Quartier," with, as is usual in new Russian settlements, only a house here and there at long intervals; but when we neared the river, which dashes its way through a rocky defile under the old native castle-crowned crag above, our movements became slow and difficult. The Persian, like all Easterns, having once roused himself to a purpose, built there his eyry, and shaped the intricate approaches to it; then, leaving castle, town, and roads to care for themselves, relapsed into his usual languor of repose. And so we struggled on, our wheels at all angles, and our carriage now in a trough from which we feared to rise, and now on a crest on which we hung quivering over the yawning gulf below.

The old Persian town was not without its points of interest, for its houses, like little square boxes, heaps upon heaps, were huddled pell-mell one over the other, all crushing together up the crag side, as if jealously scrambling for the nearest shelter of the castle, which seemed, however, most unworthy of their trust. But what a glorious sight lay spread out of the full, unclouded form of Ararat, whose far descending arms were spanning the whole horizon! Its every crag and ridge before the descending sun stood forward in bold relief, while the hinder depths and hollows of its volcano-form were deepened into blackest shade. High, high above all, rose a snowy cone, for more than 3,000 feet, of such dazzling brilliancy that the eye blanched and turned away from the glory of that reflected light. Over all was spread a blue canopy so pure and cloudless, so unlike to the soiled atmosphere of material life, that I could almost fancy, with the patriarch on Pishgah, I was look-

ing into the better land, especially as below at my feet lay the grave of the world. I grew solemn as I gazed. There, where I saw the Araxes hastening its waters onwards to the Caspian, the flood of God's avenging wrath retired, when once the fountains of the great deep had rolled their waves of death over all but entire humanity. That graceful mountain rises a sepulchral column for all time, a memorial of our whole race. Its mournful epitaph, written by the finger of God, stands a warning moral for every succeeding age, till that greater deluge pours its fiery flood upon our apostate race, and closes the drama of the world in "blood and fire and pillars of smoke."

We still advanced. The last wayfarer had long passed us, hieing ere night-fall to the shelter of the city. The vermilion hues of light that had played so magically upon the snowy face of the mountain had long given place to the ashy hues of death, as we opened upon the plain before us, with all those sobered feelings which night in a strange land, especially in the East, brings upon the spirit of the traveller. However, we were bowling along briskly, and the flashing in the twilight of our Cossacks' weapons, and the prancing of their steeds, gave some excitement to our march. Raphael was motionless and silent as death, save for the impatient whiffs of his cigar, and the sudden clutches which he every now and then made at the seat of the carriage as it lurched to the inequalities of the road. Ere dark night followed upon twilight, I examined our tackling, and finding all firm, urged on our horses to the utmost, till we reached the last Cossack-station, on a mound over our track. The distant roll of our carriage had roused up the guard, so that ere we came to a halt, we saw against the sky the black form of our relief-escort fully equipped already descending, our relay-horses in the rear. The drivers were so quickened with arrack potions, that, "shadows avant," they were burning for peril, and in full confidence, moreover, of the road, and our destination. As we were now deepening into night, and I was assured of the safety of the road, I was reluctant to force the poor Cossacks from warm quarters, through a cold and moonless night, merely to serve as a parade of escort. I therefore, to Raphael's great dismay and to my after regret, sent them back with baksheesh, and drove forward alone into the dark and silent wilderness before us. The starry heaven above, the hushed and stilly world below, would have been sublime to

my heart's musings, if only we could have distinguished objects sufficiently about us to be assured of our way. Lamps, indeed, we had, but no oil in them. On, therefore, we moved in faith, desire considerably cooled, as loneliness and helplessness became more felt. I began to see I had been unwise in dismissing the escort, for if an accident occurred, we had no horseman to send back for succour. And this became apparent when first we lost a linch-pin, and then when our horses were brought up all of a heap, so suddenly as nearly to overthrow the carriage. Poor Raphael was jerked out of sight, but not out of hearing, for the air resounded with his cries for help and piteous lamentations in the rear. We found him sprawling uninjured upon a couch of sand soft as a bed of roses. On going forward to ascertain the cause of the disaster, we found the horses on a high bank grouped together, like birds in a nest, over a chasm into which one step farther would have hurled us. We had lost our track, and had been so long labouring through deep sand, that it was difficult to back the carriage upon the hard level. Every shoulder, however, was applied to the rescue, so that not only we recovered the road, but sped on our way without further accident. The roads now became so heavy, that we did not reach our hoped-for station till after midnight. It turned out as Raphael had forbidden—there was no "station," but merely hovels for horses as a relay to the neighboring camp, and a wretched shelter for the poor wayfarer, under charge of an old Crimean soldier.

Our arrival, furiously announced by a host of half-famished curs, brought no one out to receive us. I concluded, therefore, that the guardians of the place had wisely retired to better night-quarters on the other side of the Araxes. To follow them was, however, impossible. Our horses were dead beat, and so quite unequal to cross the river, even if it were fordable. And then we had no pass for the outpost, and so might receive our "quietus," instead of a welcome. After continuing to batter, though in despair, the door of the better of the cabins, we finally heard voices from within. In a few minutes, to our great joy, an old white-headed man stood before us, demanding our business at that unseasonable hour. To give him an air of authority, he had thrown over his thin frame an old rusty coat, decorated with a Crimean medal; but his wild weird look, and his scant sparse hair gave him a very uncanny appearance, as he stood shivering

in the night breeze, a rushlight flickering in his hand. To our demand for shelter, curt and prompt was the reply, "Here is no entertainment for man or beast." "And yet both must have it," was my reply. "That is," he added, laughing, "both must have what neither will get. Rest as you are till daylight, and then cross the ferry to the damp, where you will find all the entertainment you have a right to. Here you will find none." So saying, he turned to re-enter his wretched abode. "Stop! stop!" I cried, jumping out of the carriage. "Be more courteous, or you will have to answer for it. We come armed with authority, which you must respect."

A momentary doubt seemed now to cross his mind, and so, throwing his hand against his rushlight, ostensibly to protect it from the wind, but really the better to scan my face, he added in a softened tone, "I will give you a man to accompany you to the Sheikh of the district, with whom officers usually put up on their way between the camp and Erivan; but here it is impossible to accommodate you." His previous bearish conduct and sinister looks made me so distrust him, that I cried out impatiently, "Bandy me no further words. We are weary, and it is late. Respect the Governor's authority. Give us quarters without further delay, or you will account for it to Colonel D— on Monday. We rest here till then, when you will see that we have horses and an escort to conduct us to the camp." "The Governor's authority," he said, "is shown immediately on a stranger's arrival, and is always supported by an escort of Cossacks. In the absence of both, you would have me credit your word to compromise me with my superiors, and so bring me into trouble." On this, I threw out before his astonished eyes, not only the Governor's firman, with all its long array of imperial eagles and seals, additional to my ordinary Government *podaroginice*, but the Secretary of State's authorization, to lay under contribution men and beasts, as I needed, wherever I came. This acted as magically and as instantly as the Gorgon's head of old upon rebel bystanders. His obsequious back in an instant arched wondrously, bringing his bared head almost to the dust. In the mean time, inside the house screaming children, and a sharp-voiced scolding wife, were raising a domestic tempest. Excusing himself that he might go to reduce to peace the *tender strife*, he rushed within, and was soon so furiously stormed upon by his gentle Abigail, gifted with utterance beyond the usual capabilities

of her sex, that in spite of his sins my heart related towards him.

A room was allotted to us, which was a marvel of dirt and confusion, and which all the zeal of Nicholas (General K——'s servant) and the Crimean could hardly reduce to order. When at last the filthy chaos was cleared, it had something of the air and comfort of home. I spread my mattress upon the floor, and threw my wearied body upon it, as into the very lap of luxury, leaving the servants to arrange in their usual positions round the room my creature comforts of travel, until the Crimean should appear with the ever-welcome Somavah. In a moment, however, insensible even to it, I was lost to all earth-born cares or joys in a sleep so profound as to resemble that which knows no waking.

The sun was high in heaven when I woke on the Sabbath. All Nature lay in that hush of life which in every land, Christian and Pagan, heralds in the day of rest. As the restless hours winged on the day, and the world's past and nearing ruin shadowed my mind's eye — as Ararat, with its changing, hazy hues, brought ceaseless before my aching sight the unsubstantial ghosts of the primeval earth — in such a spot I stood amazed at human folly.

Our stormy arrival in the dead of the night was followed by a peaceful day. I could gather nothing that could please or interest from the superstitious native of the soil, and wandering out, sat me down under an almond tree facing the mountain of God. My body, wearied with travel, found rest in Nature's calm; while my spirit, in communion with my God, received His record of the spot, submissive and refreshed. No earth-born cares disturbed my soul. In the quiet rest, and with the solemn landscape opening before me, I watched light's fitting shadows till the garish day declined. The snowy cone still reflected dazzlingly the last impassioned blushes of the west. From sparkling brilliancy of gold, that gemmed its upmost peaks vermillion light descended down, fading tint into tint, till all was mazed and curtained in the obscuring mists of earth. As I gazed enchanted, the ashy shade of death fell upon the mountain's crimson face, and light and day were done. Upwards the gloomy shadows rushed till darkness mute in silence ruled around.

If speechless wonder swelled my breast when mid-day's glory blazed upon the mountain's brow, a deeper wonder ruled me now as star by star arose till all the darkened face of heaven was flooded o'er with

gemming light. There towered Nature's mausoleum, black, sublime against the veiling curtain of the upper sanctuary, within a rainbow arch of luminous constellations. Vast Nature here had tired her earliest pyre with •brightest coronal. Yes! here, where first the rainbow-promise smiled upon a world restored, the resurrection-bow is circling now, gemmed with brighter throbbing stars of life to cheer our languid hopes of heaven and earth, when these are passed away, eternal and secure, and bid us still enduring thread life's thorny way.

On the early morrow, our host, in humblest guise, presented himself to know our will for the day. "Horses and an escort were ready, if I decided to proceed to the camp." To my inquiries as to the state of the river and the passage, he assured me that, although the waters were high, I should find a safe and convenient pontoon, equal to the draught of the heaviest ordnance. Having no doubt of his knowledge, and none of his sincerity, I determined to continue the luxury of the carriage until compelled to mount the saddle. Bidding Nicholas, therefore, to bring it round to the door, and Raphael to prepare such things only as would be needed for a brief absence, we were soon winging our way through the cheery air, our wild-looking Cossacks careering before us in picturesque keeping with the lovely landscape around. Long before reaching the river, we descried the rude "lookout" of the ferry, before which a sentinel was pacing backwards and forwards on duty. The rattling accoutrements and the flashing arms of our horsemen, with our four-in-hand lumbering behind, soon attracted his astonished gaze, and brought his mechanical paces to a halt. We reached the Araxes within the hour, without having noticed anywhere a single wayfarer, a cottage-home, or hovel of man. Far as the eye could range, save for the outer forms of God's creative hand, all was a fertile waste — a silent boundless solitude. Through this solemn wilderness-maze the glorious river was glassing its way — no sluggish tide breeding pestilence and death among untrodden jungle-swamps, but a sparkling, living stream of freshness dashing abroad in far meandering curves across the prostrate plain, or deep and calm reposing in spacious pools among barren islets cropping up above its crystal wave. Out of these little rocky crests the scared wild-bird sprang screaming into the air as our sudden array poured along the forsaken banks. So light the air above, so clear the gliding stream below, that every object near, from the feathery

reed that quivered at the water's edge, to the solid mountain form that towered above, shouldering up the o'erarching sky, was imaged on its face in all the reflected hues of heaven's own light. On reaching the river, we sought in vain for the floating bridge that could draught across the heaviest ordnance! Up and down the stream, far as the eye could reach, no other track of passage appeared, save an old crazy canoe, stowed as carefully against the bank under the "lookout" before us, as a state-barge within its sheltering dock. Wheel-ruts on the nearer bank, continued far below on the other, suggested our only alternative of reaching the opposite shore in the indolent luxury of a carriage. An uncanny alternative however, for while frequent gravelly despoits rose level with the water's surface, dark, suspicious pools intervened, where our cumbrous equipage might founder suddenly without an experienced charioteer to steer our way between whirlpools and quicksands. Our gallant troopers, with all their flaunting show of arms — our son of Nimshi "driving furiously" over the solid plain — alike were helpless here, in this the crisis of our fate. As for Nicholas, he had but one engrossing, all-sufficient thought for every emergency — the safety of the carriage; while Raphael's was the safety of himself. "Miserable comforters are ye all," I said to myself, as I wistfully looked upon the barrier-waters.

At last, choosing two of the best horses from the wain, and dismounting two Cossacks for their saddles, we dashed into the stream, summoning two of the showiest of the riders to follow us, armed *cap-a-pie*, regardless of every prayer or voice but one — my own — "Forward!" The suddenness of this movement in an instant reduced rebel spirits and interests to peace. Confusion was reduced to order, and dissension to obedience. Raphael and Nicholas sprang to the river's brink, imploring me to return, or I should certainly be drowned, while the two recreant Cossacks, undeterred at sight of the waves eddying in noisy chafings around our horse's flanks, spurred into the stream, following in our wake. We soon found we had braved the flood for peril. For although our first steps from the shelving bank were steady, our horses were soon floundering into pools, the water suddenly rising to their shoulders, or stumbling among shallows with a shifting bottom, where they were continually losing their footing among contending eddies. It was a life struggle for horse and rider. The roar of weir-like currents battling across the shallows, the snorting of our affrighted horses, mingled

with the varied shouts of the horsemen, as our beasts and the occasion needed, made it a scene of intense excitement, and gave to the river a life to which it had been a stranger for many a weary age. Thank God! instead of adding to the deluge-victims of the spot, "it came to pass that we escaped all safe to land." Dismounting to right our saddles, and breathe our panting steeds awhile, our eye retraced the perilous zig-zag passage we had braved, thankful that the carriage had not proved our tomb, which it inevitably would have done if private interests had not clashed with headstrong folly. As I raised my eyes I saw Raphael and Nicholas riveted to the banks, watching our progress with fascinated gaze.

Our actual joy was sobered on reflecting that the stream had to be braved again, if we would revisit the world and the home we love.

So vaulting cheerily into the saddle we dashed across the plain, with the fleet Cossacks caracolling by our side, while the sharp clanging ring of their clattering arms fell like stirring music on the soul. On, on we sped right merrily, laughing danger and fear aside. The occasional stumble of our good steeds, and their foaming flanks, soon warned us that, unless we moderated speed, their strength of limb and mettle might founder ere half our toil was done. We pulled them up, therefore, into a farmer's jog-trot pace, to the manifest delight of our wild body-guard, who more than once had hinted with uncanny looks that their o'erlaboured beasts, if they reached the camp at all, would need a longer halt than my impatient zeal intended. As my thoughts, with our gentle pace, fell into their usual train, it suddenly occurred to me that, save the letter for Colonel D——, I had left behind me, in the pocket of our carriage, all the Government documents, which gave importance and authority to our travel. All regrets, however, were now idle, and so I continued on, trusting to what Sterne calls "that cheating and cheated slut," bright-eyed Hope. In half-an-hour we left the solitary wilderness behind us, and entered upon the life and occupations of the Cantonments. Men in half military, half rustic dress were moving about in enclosed plantations. Horned cattle and cavalry horses were grazing together in paddocks hedged in by stone walls, while soldier-husbandmen were driving unwieldy teams afield along bottomless lanes and extemporised roads. At a bend in our track we came suddenly upon the barrack-quarters. High over the entrance-gate to the station stood, according

to Russian usage, a rude son of the Don, fully armed, his head encased in a rough fur shako. He was maintaining a watchful outlook over the whole surrounding wilderness. On presenting our letter to the officer on duty, I had soon reason to deplore the absence of my Government vouchers, for my letter was returned to me, with the unwelcome intelligence that the Colonel had only a few hours before started for Erivan — that we must have passed him unseen — that he had gone on business, which would detain him for days. I hereupon explained the motive of our visit, and suggested that as the letter to the Colonel was one only of formality, the officer in command should break the seal and satisfy its purpose. “*A Dieu ne plaise,*” was the instant reply. “No one but the owner may presume to open such a letter with such a seal, and so addressed.” All this was said in a most courteous way, but with looks and tones to show the decision was final. To speak of important official papers which I could not produce would be only to confirm or awaken a Russian’s natural suspicion of a stranger’s purpose in a land of their recent rule. So I merely asked for my alternative: would they advise me to abandon my project, after so much fatigue, at the moment of its anticipated realisation? “Well,” said the one who was evidently their chief, although his uniform bore no signs of it, “if your object is the singular one of visiting our cantonments and the mountain, you will find as hearty a welcome among us as if you were armed with the authority of the Czar himself, instead of arriving as unrecommended strangers.” On this, bidding a young officer accompany us, and to see in the mean time, that horses were prepared to carry us, as far as practicable, up the mountain, he requested us to alight, and, excusing his own personal attendance, assured us that under the subaltern’s guidance, the whole station was open to our inspection, “although,” he said, “I fear, as it is remote from the capital, and of little importance, your expectations will be disappointed. However, as that is one of the two motives for your honouring us with a visit, it is my duty to aid in its gratification.” With such plausible words, bowing and smiling, he relieved himself of our presence.

The young subaltern was chary enough of his replies to our questions, and determined that through him we should be nothing the wiser for our visit. He had only recently joined from Moscow, and so knew as little of the place as a clod of the valleys. In fulfilment of his duty he led us to a large

gloomy-looking messroom, and then to the adjutant’s office, where under promise to rejoin us “*Si chasse, Si chasse,*” he left us, professedly to see after our horses. His “*Si chasse,*” however, became such a weary hour, that I began to apprehend we were prisoners condemned to solitary confinement. Happily the door yielded to my hand, and so I escaped into the open air. I entered one block of buildings after another, without finding any but common soldiers, who knew nothing, and so could tell nothing. The sentinels made a movement of respect with their firelocks, but would exchange no words. The desolate outer-wilderness was less a painful solitude than this outpost-lair of unseen troopers. All around you rose the solid works of man’s defending hand, while the species shrunk from your search. I lighted at last by the merest accident upon the plausible chief. He was as bland as ever with honeyed words, in spite of my clouded brow. I reminded him that the hours were passing away without our realising his promise. He looked surprised, and requested me to explain myself. “Where are the horses,” I asked, “which three hours ago were to be here instantly?” “Pardon me,” he replied, “you do not seem to be aware, that as our settlement is small, and rarely visited, and the season for camp exercises closed, our horses are all now turned adrift for pasture. And then, as these are not of high-bred English mettle, but are mere mountain colts, you can easily suppose they will make a wide range in grazing, and will need much time and many men for the batue.” “But surely,” I said, “you can find us two horses without all this ado?” He was not certain of that. The commonest station-master throughout the Russia was compelled to keep a certain number of horses always in reserve. How much more necessary was this at a military outpost! But I seemed to forget, that the question is not of two, but twenty-two. “Twenty-two!” I exclaimed, laughing right out. “Why you would multiply our two simple selves into as many individualities as are contained in a Spanish grandee’s title.” “Oh,” he replied, “we must provide not for you only, but also for your guard.” “What guard?” I asked. “We want no guard to the mountain side, every inch of which is commanded by your quarters.” “Oh! pardon me,” he said, “you are not so informed of this locality as I am. Before reaching the ascent, you would have to ride through a thick jungle, where you would be sure to be picked off by some scoundrel

scout, unseen, without our being able to render you the slightest assistance. We have no security here but in strong pickets. Even our night sentinels are often relieved of life before they are relieved from duty. Rest quietly here to-night," he went on; "and start fresh with the early morning. My orderly here will show you a room, and supply your wants from our humble mess, if you do not choose to join our table. In this out-of-the-way place we have none of the luxuries of bed and board — little, in fact, beyond a welcome." As we had fled empty-handed from the passage of the Araxes, our inner man by this time was in the exhaustion of famine. However, we commanded endurance upon ourselves, and followed our guide as directed. The quarters into which he introduced us consisted of a small room, garnished with a small rickety table, two unsteady chairs, and a wooden bedstead of so unquestionable an appearance, that we feared it had more liberal gifts in store than sleep. The cold-looking whitewashed walls were pierced with three small windows, so scantily provided with panes of glass, that the whistling wind was sporting freely with the dust, which our sudden entrance had roused from its right of place. Beyond the windows nothing relieved the bare walls but the shadows of the Virgin Mary, and her companion, St. Nicolas. It was a dreary welcome to us, disappointed as we were, and destitute of bed and bedding, without which no one undertakes a journey in Russia, and these, in the confusion of the morning, had, forgotten, been left in the carriage with Raphael.

Taking counsel, therefore, of our circumstances, we determined to abandon the mountain and return to our vehicle before evening reduced us to further ungracious courtesy at the hands of these ungracious strangers. We lost much time in recovering our steeds and our escort, and when these finally appeared, we saw at a glance that the welcome of the stall had been as liberal as that of the table. Wherever we moved, every one shrunk from our approach as though we were tainted with the plague, and when we finally mounted to depart, no officer appeared to receive our thanks for rare hospitality, or wish us the *glückliche Reise*, which is the traveller's right even in barbarous lands. We rode out from the camp, shaking its dust from our feet, as of a city doomed to the pilgrim's curse.

We moved away moodily silent, with the mountain-shadows lengthening gloomily around us, as the Vampire-Russ broods darkening o'er the Eastern world. The

chords within were jarred. Welcome would have been a breathless flight across the desert-wild to charm the angry stir of soul to peace. But we needed to spare our wearied, famished steeds for the struggle of the flood, and so in fierce unrest we measured back our way painfully slow. On reaching the river we found a sentinel still keeping silent watch, but the waters were rushing away, no longer reflecting the joyous smiles of heaven, but sobered, sad with evening's shadows grey. I paused awhile to bring my morning's experience to trace a kindlier passage to the farther shore; and then breasting the flood, though stumbling oft in peril, I stood at last secure. One of our Cossacks, however, striking direct for the opposite bank, and handling his wearied beast impatiently, had, ere long, his horse down upon his haunches, and, floundering from rapids into dark sullen pools, must soon have been borne along as carrion-prey for gathering vultures, had not the stolid sentinel roused him to his peril, and directed him to follow in our wake. The sight of our carriage, and the show of welcome on the part of our attendants, was an agreeable sequel to all the disappointments and fatigues of the day. Reaction followed quick upon my heart. Words and thoughts of kindness arose for those who had shared my dangers or ruffled my peace, and thankful breathings to my God for His shielding care. Our horses speedily put to, bore us cheerily along, as though sharing in the general joy following on fatigues and dangers past.

When we reached the station, the old Cerberus was waiting to receive us with the kindly welcome of the Somavah. My spirit, chastened by the sobering whisper of the night, left me powerless for rebuke. I had not the heart to chide him for his misleading counsel of the morning. And perhaps, after all, he was himself deceived. Hard thoughts had brooded in my breast against him, as I rode back disappointed from the camp. "He must," I said to myself, "have known of the non-existence of the pontoon — of the difficulty of the passage — of the absence of the Colonel from the camp, and of the consequent reception we should experience." Nay, I had gone so far as to suppose he had assisted to it. And so, *en revanche*, I had mentally resolved to show up his delinquencies in the right way, in the right place. Now, however, better thoughts ruled me — thoughts of love and peace, and so I dismissed him trembling to the ceaseless summons of his screaming squaw.

In the presence of his greater, I smiled at my lesser plague. Howbeit, twice in an interval of years, to travel far and wearily, and fail at last, in looking from the mountain's side o'er all the patriarchal world, was no slight grief to me. However, I brought the muses to my aid; and so, amid the brawling tempest of domestic strife which burst in ceaseless clamour from within, I breathed aloud the gentle dirge which oft has soothed my cares to rest —

"Come, Disappointment, come!

Not in thy terrors clad;

Come in thy meekest, saddest guise;

Thy chastening rod but terrifies

The restless and the bad;"

and bethinking me of the Cerberus's "disappointment" and "chastening rod," contentment was my instant bliss.

My counsel to my countrymen, who, like myself, may sigh to visit the cradle of mankind, is — Be sure your papers are of the first authority, always *en règle*, and never absent from your person. As my experience of *private* Russian courtesy and hospitality is beyond all praise, and as I have still to linger in the land, and wander among the spurs of Mount Ararat, I must school myself into loving patience. And so, as my midnight lamp is fading into darkness, I bid the jealous spirit of the land "Good-night."

"Good night! good night! parting is such sweet sorrow,

That I shall say Good night till it be morrow."

BLACKETT BOTCHERBY.

BOODLE'S AND CROCKFORD'S CLUBS. — Boodle's is chiefly frequented by country gentlemen, whose status has been thus satirically insinuated by a contemporary: "Every Sir John belongs to Boodle's, as you may see, for when a waiter comes into the room and says to some aged student of the *Morning Herald*, 'Sir John, your servant is come,' every head is mechanically thrown up in answer to the address." Captain Gronow relates that some gentlemen of both White's and Brookes's had on one occasion the honour to dine with the Prince Regent. Compassionating the members of these clubs for the monotony of their fare at dinner, his Royal Highness summoned his cook, Watier, on the spot to ask him if he would take a house and organize a dinner club. Watier assented, and hence the club which bore his name. Macao was played at Watier's to a ruinous extent, and "the club," according to Mr. Raikes, "did not endure for twelve years altogether; the pace was too quick to last; it died a natural death in 1819 from the paralyzed state of its members; the house was then taken by a set of blacklegs, who instituted a common bank for gambling. To form an idea of the ruin produced by this short-lived establishment

among men whom I have so intimately known, a cursory glance to the past suggests a melancholy list, which only forms a part of its deplorable results. None of the dead reached the average age of man. "One evening at the Macao table, when the play was very deep, Brummell, having lost a considerable stake, affected, in his farcical way, a very tragic air, and cried out, 'Waiter, bring me a flat candlestick and a pistol!' Upon which Bligh (a notorious madman, and one of the members of Watier's), who was sitting opposite to him, calmly produced two loaded pistols from his coat-pocket, which he placed on the table, and said, 'Mr. Brummell, if you are really desirous to put a period to your existence, I am extremely happy to offer you the means, without troubling the waiter.' The effect upon those present may easily be imagined, at finding themselves in the company of a known madman who had loaded weapons about him." Crockford's Club, also noted for its devotion to play, was instituted in 1827, in the house No. 20, on the west side of St. James's-street. Crockford had begun life with a fish-basket, and ended with the "most colossal fortune that was ever made by play. He began," according to the *Edinburgh Review*, "by taking Watier's old club-house, in partnership with a man named Taylor. They set up a hazard-bank, and won a great deal of money, but quarrelled and separated at the end of the first year. Taylor continued where he was, had a bad year, and failed. Crockford removed to St. James's-street, had a good year, and immediately set about building the magnificent club-house which bears his name. It rose like a creation of Aladdin's lamp, and the geni themselves could hardly have surpassed the beauty of the internal decoration, or furnished a more accomplished *maître d'hôtel* than Ude. To make the company as select as possible, the establishment was regularly organized as a club, and the election of members vested in a committee. "Crockford's" became the rage, and the votaries of fashion, whether they liked play or not, hastened to enrol themselves. The Duke of Wellington was an original member, though (unlike Blücher, who repeatedly lost everything he had at play) the great captain was never known to play deep at any game but war or politics. Card-tables were regularly placed, and whist was played occasionally; but the aim, end, and final cause of the whole, was the hazard-bank, at which the proprietor took his nightly stand, prepared for all comers. Le Wellington des Joueurs lost £23,000 at a sitting, beginning at twelve at night and ending at seven the following evening. He and three other noblemen could not have lost less, sooner or later, than £100,000 apiece. Others lost in proportion, or out of proportion, to their means; but we leave it to less-occupied moralists and better calculators to say how many ruined families went to make Mr Crockford a millionaire, for a millionaire he was in the English sense of the term, after making the largest possible allowance for bad debts. — *London Society*.

PART VII.

CHAPTER XX. — POWYS'S BITS OF PAPER.

MR. BROWNLAW, perhaps, did not know very well what he meant when he called young Powys into his room. He was in one of those strange states of mental excitement in which a man is at once confused and clear; incapable of seeing before him what he is about to do, yet as prompt and distinct in the doing of it as if it had been premeditated to the last detail. He could not have explained why nor told what it was he proposed to himself; in short, he had in his own mind proposed nothing to himself. He was swayed only by a vague, intense, and overwhelming necessity to have the matter before him set straight somehow, and, confused as his own mind was, and little as he knew of his own intentions, he yet went on, as by the directest inspiration, marching boldly, calmly, yet wildly, in a kind of serious madness, into the darkness of this unknown way. He called the young man to him in sharp, decided tones, as if he knew exactly what he wanted, and was ready to enter fully into it at once; and yet he did not in the least know what he wanted, nor what question he was to ask, nor what he was to say the next moment; the only thing that helped him was, that as he looked out of his office to call Powys, he could see him pick up hastily and put in his pocket the bits of paper, all dotted over with calculations, which he had already remarked on the young man's desk.

"Sit down," said Mr. Brownlow, "I have something to say to you;" and he resumed his own seat at his writing-table as if there had been nothing particular in the conference, and began mechanically to arrange the papers before him: as for Powys, he put his hand upon the back of the chair which stood on the other side of the table, and waited, but did not sit down, being bewildered a little, though not half so much as his employer was, by this sudden summons.

"Sit down," said Mr. Brownlow, — "sit down; I want to speak to you: I hope you know that I have always intended to be your friend" —

"Intended! sir," said Powys, "I know that you have been my friend, and a far better friend than I deserved" — Here he made one of those pauses of embarrassment which sometimes mean so much, and often mean so little. Mr. Brownlow, who knew more than Powys did, took it to signify a great deal, and the idea gave him strength to proceed; and the fact is, that for once the two, unknown to each other, were thinking of the same thing — of the bits of paper covered with figures that were in Powys's pocket, — only their thoughts ran in a very different strain.

"That must be decided rather by the future than by the past," said Mr. Brownlow. "I can say for myself without any doubt thus far, that I have meant to be your friend — but I must have your confidence in return; I do not

think you can have any more trustworthy counsellor." As Mr. Brownlow said this, it seemed to him that some one else, some unseen third party, was putting the words into his mouth; and his heart gave a flutter as he said them, though it was little in accordance either with his age or character that the heart should take any prominent part in his concerns.

As for the young man, there came over his face a quick flush, as of shame. He touched with his hand instinctively, and without knowing it, the breast-pocket in which these papers were — all of which actions were distinct and full of meaning to the anxious eyes that were watching him — and he faltered as he spoke. "I know that you would be my most trustworthy counsellor — and I don't know how to thank you," he said; but he had lowered his voice and cast down his eyes. He stood holding the back of the chair, and it trembled in his grasp. He could not meet the gaze that was fixed upon him. He stood shuffling his feet, looking down, red with embarrassment, confusion and shame. Was it that he felt himself a traitor? eating the Brownlaws' bread, receiving their kindness, and plotting against them? It seemed to his companion as clear as day.

"Sit down," said Mr. Brownlow, feeling his advantage, "let us talk of it as friends" — and then he himself made a pause, and clenched his hand unawares, and felt his heart contract as he put the last decisive question. "What are those calculations you have been making all day?"

Young Powys started, and became violently red, and looked up suddenly into his employer's face. No doubt this was what he had been thinking of; but the question was so sudden, so point-blank, that it dispersed all the involuntary softening of which he had been conscious, and brought back to him all his youthful pride and *amour propre* and reserve about his own affairs. He looked Mr. Brownlow full in the face, and his agitation took a different form. "Calculations, sir?" he said, with even a touch of indignation in his voice; and then he too stopped, lest he should be uncourteous to his employer, who he was confident wished him well though he was so strangely curious. "The only calculations I have made are about my own affairs," he went on. "They are of no interest to any one. I am sorry you should have thought I was taking up my time" —

"I did not think of your time," said Mr. Brownlow, with an impatient sigh. "I have seen many young men like you who have — who have — gone wrong — from lack of experience and knowledge of the world. I wish to serve you. Perhaps — it is possible — I may have partly divined what is on your mind. Can't you see that it would be best in every way to make a confidant of me?"

All this the lawyer said involuntarily as it were, the words being put into his mouth. They were false words, and yet they were true. He wanted to cheat and ruin the young man before him, and yet he wanted to serve him.

He desired his confidence that he might betray it, and yet he felt disposed to guide and counsel him as if he had been his son. The confusion of his mind was such that it became a kind of exaltation. After all he meant him well — what he would do for him would be the best. It might not be justice — justice was one thing; kindness, friendship, bounty, another — and these last he was ready to give. Thus, in the bewilderment of motives and sentiments that existed in his mind, he came to find himself again as it were, and to feel that he did really mean well to the boy. "I wish to serve you," he repeated, with a kind of eagerness. Would not this be to serve him better than by giving to his inexperienced hands a fairy fortune of which he would not know how to make use? These thoughts went vaguely but powerfully through Mr. Brownlow's mind as he spoke. And the result was that he looked up in the young man's face with a sense of uprightness which had for some time deserted him. It would be best in every way that there should be confidence between them — best for the youth, who, after all, had he ever so good a case, would probably be quite unaware how to manage it — and best, unquestionably best, for himself, as showing at once what he had to hope or fear. Of this there could be no doubt.

As for Powys, he was touched, and at the same time alarmed. It was the same subject which occupied them both, but yet they looked upon it with very different eyes. The Canadian knew what was in those scraps of paper with their lines of figures and awful totals, and it seemed to him that sooner than show them to any one, sooner than make a clean breast of what was in them, he would rather die. Yet the kindness went to his heart, and made him in his own eyes a monster. "Divined!" he said half to himself, with a look of horror. If Mr. Brownlow had divined it, it seemed to Powys that he never could hold up his head before him again. Shame would stand between them, or something he thought shame. He had not done much that was wrong, but he could have shrunk into the very ground at the idea that his thoughts and calculations were known. In spite of himself he cast a piteous glance at the whiteness of his elbows — was that how it came about that Mr. Brownlow divined? Pride, shame, gratitude, compunction, surged up in his mind, into his very eyes and throat, so that he could not speak or look at the patron who was so good to him, yet whom he could not yield to. "Sir," he stammered, when he had got a little command of himself — "you are mistaken. I — I have nothing on my mind — nothing more than every man has who has a — a — life of his own. Indeed, sir," the poor youth continued with eagerness, "don't think I am ungrateful — but I — I — can't tell you. I can't tell my own mother. It is my own fault. It is nothing to any other creature. In short," he added, breaking off with an effort, and forcing a smile, "it is nothing — nothing! — only

I suppose that I am unaccustomed to the world" —

"Sit down," said Mr. Brownlow; come nearer to me and sit down upon this chair. You are very young" —

"I am five-and-twenty," said Powys. He said it hastily, answering what he thought was a kind of accusation; and the words struck the lawyer like a blow. It was not new to him, and yet the very statement of that momentous number seemed to carry a certain significance. The ill-omened fortune which made these two adversaries had come to the one just when the other was born.

"Well," said Mr. Brownlow, who felt his utterance stopped by these innocent words, "it does not matter. Sit down; I have still a great deal to say" —

And then he stopped with a gasp, and there was a pause like a pause in the midst of a battle. If Powys had not been pre-occupied by the which to him was so absorbing, though he denied its interest to any other, he could not have failed to be struck by the earnestness, and suppressed excitement, and eager baffled looks of his employer. But he was blinded by his own anxieties, and by that unconscious self-importance of youth which sees nothing wonderful in the fact of other people's interest in its own fortunes. He thought Mr. Brownlow was kind. It did not occur to him that a stronger motive was necessary for these persistent questions and for this intense interest. He was not vain — but yet it came natural to receive such attention, and his mind was not sufficiently disengaged to be surprised.

As for the lawyer, he paused and took breath, and looked into the frank yet clouded face which was so open and communicative, and yet would not, could not, reveal to him the secret he wanted to seize. It was not skill, it was not cunning, that preserved the young man's secret — was it innocence? Had he been mistaken? — was there really in Powys's consciousness at least no such secret, but only some youthful trouble, some boyish indiscretion, that was "on his mind." As Mr. Brownlow paused, and looked at his young companion, this thought gradually shaped itself within him, and for the moment it gave him a strange relief. He too was absorbed and pre-occupied, and thrust out of the region of such light as might have been thrown on the subject by the whiteness of the seams of the young fellow's coat; and then he had come to be in such deadly earnest that any lighter common-place explanation would have seemed an insult to him. Yet he paused, and after a few moments felt as if a truce had been proclaimed. It had not come yet to the last struggle for death or life. There was still time to carry on negotiations, to make terms, to convert the enemy into a firm friend and supporter. This conviction brought comfort to his mind, notwithstanding that half an hour before he had started up in the temerity of despair, and vowed to himself that, for good or evil, the decisive step must be taken at once.

Now the clouds of battle rolled back, and a soft sensation of peace fell upon Mr. Brownlow's soul — peace at least for a time. It melted his heart in spite of himself. It made him think of his home, and his child, and the gentle evening that awaited him after the excitement of the day; and then his eye fell upon Powys again.

"I have still a great deal to say," he went on — and his voice had changed and softened beyond all doubt, and Powys, himself surprised, had perceived the change, though he had not an idea what it meant — "I have been pleased with you, Powys. I am not sure that you have quite kept up during the last few weeks; but you began very well, and if you choose to steady yourself, and put away any delusion that may haunt you" — here Mr. Brownlow made a little pause to give full force to his words — "you may be of great service to me. I took you only on trial, you know, and you had the junior clerk's place; but now I think I am justified in treating you better — after this your salary shall be double" —

Powys gave a great start in his seat, and looked at Mr. Brownlow with a look of stupefaction. "Double!" he cried, with an almost hysterical gasp. He thought his ears or his imagination were deceiving him. His wonder took all the expression, almost all the intelligence, out of his face. He sat gazing, with his mouth open, waiting to hear what it could mean.

"I will double your salary from the present time," said Mr. Brownlow, smiling in spite of himself.

Then the young man rose up. His face became the colour of fire. The tears sprang into his eyes. "This was why you said you divined!" he said, with a voice that was full of tears and an ineffable softness. His gratitude was beyond words. His eyes seemed to shoot arrows into Mr. Brownlow's very soul — arrows of sharp thanks, and praise, and grateful applause, which the lawyer could not bear. The words made him start, too, and threw a sudden flood of light upon the whole subject; but Mr. Brownlow could not get the good of this, for he was abashed and shame-struck by the tender, undoubting, half-filial gratitude in the young man's eyes.

"But I don't deserve it," cried Powys in his eagerness — "I don't deserve it, though you are so good. I have not been doing my work as I ought — I know I have not. These bills have been going between me and my wits. I have not known what I was doing sometimes. Oh! sir, forgive me; I don't know what to say to you, but I don't deserve it — the other fellows deserve it better than I."

"Never mind the other fellows," said Mr. Brownlow, collecting himself; "I mean to make a different use of you. You may be sure that it is not out of goodness I am doing this." he added with a strange smile that Powys could not understand — "you may be sure it is because I see in you certain — certain capabilities" —

Mr. Brownlow paused, for his lips were dry; he was telling the truth, but he did not mean it to be received as truth. This was how he went on from one step to another. To tell a lie, or to tell a truth as if it were a pleasant fiction, which was worst? The lie seemed the most straightforward, the most innocent of the two; and this was why his lips were dry, and he had to make a pause in his speech.

Powys sat down again, and leaned on the table, and looked across at his master, his benefactor. That was how the young man was calling him in his heart. His eyes were shining as eyes only do after they have been moistened by tears. They were soft, tender, eager, moved by those last words into a deeper gratitude still, an emotion which awoke all his faculties. "If I have any capabilities," he said, "I wish they were a hundred and a hundred times more. I can't tell you, sir — you can't imagine — how much you have done for me in a moment. And I was ashamed when you said you had divined! I have been very miserable. I have not known what to do."

"So that was all," said Mr. Brownlow, drawing a long breath. "My young friend, I told you you should confide in me. I know sixty pounds a year is very little, and so you must remember is twice sixty pounds a year" —

"Ah, but it is double," said young Powys, with a tremulous smile. "But I have not worked for it," he went on clouding over — "I have not won it, I know I don't deserve it; only, sir, if you have something special — any thing in this world, I don't care how hard — that you mean to give me to do" —

"Yes," said Mr. Brownlow, "I have something very special; I can't enter upon the details just now. The others in the office are very well; but I want some one I can depend upon, who will be devoted to me."

Upon this the young man smiled; smiled so that his face lighted up all over — every line in it answering as by an individual ray. "Devoted!" he said, "I should think so indeed — not to the last drop of blood, for that would do you no good — but to the last moment of work, whatever, however, you please" —

"Take care," said Mr. Brownlow, "you may be too grateful; when a man promises too much he is apt to break down."

"But I shall not break down," said the Canadian. "You took me in first when I had nobody to speak for me, and now you save me from what is worse than starving — from debt and hopeless struggles. And I was beginning to lose heart; I felt as if we could not live on it, and nobody knew but me. I beg your pardon, sir, for speaking so much about myself" —

"No, no; go on about yourself," said Mr. Brownlow. He was leaning back on his chair like a man who had had a fit and was recovering from it. His whole countenance had relaxed in a manner wonderful to behold. He listened to the young fellow's open-hearted bab-

ble as if it had been celestial music. It was music to his ears. It distilled upon him like the dew, as the Bible says, penetrating through and through, pervading his whole being with a sense of blessed ease and relief and repose. He lay back in his chair and was content to listen. He did not care to move or think, but only to realize that the crisis had passed over; that for the moment all was still rest and security and peace. It was the best proof how much his nerves had been tried in the former part of the day.

"But you must recollect," he said at last, "that this great fortune you have come into is, after all, only a hundred and twenty pounds a year; it is a very small income. You will have to be very careful; but if you get into any difficulties again, the thing you ought to do is to come to me. I will always be ready to give you my advice, and perhaps help, if you want it. Don't thank me again; I shall have a great many things for you to do, which will make up."

"Nothing will ever make up for the kindness," said young Powys; and then he perceived that his audience was over. Already even the lines were beginning to tighten in Mr. Brownlow's face. The young man withdrew and went back to his desk, walking on air as he thought. It was a very small matter to be so glad about, but yet there are circumstances in which ten pounds to pay and only five pounds to pay it with will make as much anguish as the loss of a battle or a kingdom — especially to the inexperienced, the sensitive, and proud. This awful position he was suddenly relieved from when he saw no hope. And no wonder that he was elated. It was not a chronic malady to which he had grown accustomed. The truth was he had never been in debt before all his life. This may be accounted for by the fact that he had never had any money to speak of, and that he had been brought up in the backwoods.

Mr. Brownlow did not change his position for some time after his clerk had left him. Passion was new to him, though he was on the declining side of life. The sharp tension, the sudden relief, the leap from anxiety, suspicion, and present danger, into calm and tranquillity, was new to him. His mind had never been disturbed by such conflicts while he was young, and accordingly they came now in all their freshness, with a power beyond anything in his experience, to his soul. Thus he continued motionless, leaning back in his chair, taking the good of his respite. He knew it was only a temporary respite; he knew the danger was not past; but withal it was a comfort to him. And then, as he had this time disquieted himself in vain, who could tell if perhaps his other fears might vanish in the same way? God might be favourable to him, even though perhaps his cause was not just such a cause as could with confidence be put into God's hands. It was not always justice that prevailed in this world; and perhaps — So strangely does per-

sonal interest pervert the mind, that this was how John Brownlow, an upright man by nature and by long habit, calculated with himself. It seemed to him natural somehow that God should enter into the conspiracy with him — for he meant no harm even to the people who were to be his victims. Far from that; he meant, on the contrary, bit by bit, to provide for them, to surround them with comforts, to advance and promote in every way the young man whose inheritance he had so long enjoyed. He meant to be as good to him as any father, if only he could be successful in alienating for ever and ever his just right from him. Possibly he might still even carry out the plan he had conceived and abandoned, and give the crown of all his possessions, his beautiful child, to the lucky youth. Any thing but justice. As he sat and rested, a certain sense of that satisfaction which arises from happiness conferred came into Mr. Brownlow's mind. In the mean time, he had been very good to Powys. Poor young fellow! how grateful, how elated, how joyous he was — and all about a hundred and twenty pounds a year! His trouble had involved only a little money, and how easy it was to make an end of that! It was not by a long way the first time in Mr. Brownlow's life at which this opportunity of bringing light out of darkness had occurred to him. There were other clerks, and other men not clerks, who could, if they would, tell a similar tale. He had never been a hard man; he had been considerate, merciful, lending like the righteous man, and little exacting as to his recompense. He had served many in his day, and though he never boasted of it, he knew it. Was it in reason to give up without a struggle his power of serving his neighbours, all the admirable use he had made of his fortune, when he might keep his fortune, and yet withhold better for the real heir than if he gave it up to him? The sense of coming ruin, and the awful excitement of that conflict for life and death which he had anticipated when he called Powys into his office, had exhausted him so entirely that he allowed himself to be soothed by all those softer thoughts. The danger was not over — he knew that as well as any one; but he had a reprieve. He had time to make of his adversary a devoted friend and vassal, and it was even for his adversary's good.

Such were the thoughts that went softly, as in a veiled and twilight procession, through his mind. After a while he raised himself up, and gathered together all the calculations at which he had been working so hard, and locked all his private drawers, and put all his memorandums by. As he did so, his halcyon state by degrees began to be invaded by gleams of the everyday daylight. He had doubled Powys's salary, and he had a right to do so if he pleased; but yet he knew that when he told it to Mr. Wrinkell, that functionary would be much surprised, and that a sense of injury would be visible upon the countenances of the other clerks. Certainly a man has a right to do what he likes

with his own, but then every man who does so must make up his mind to certain little penalties. He will always be able to read the grudge of those who have borne the burden and heat of the day in their faces, however silent they may be; and even an emperor, much less a country lawyer, cannot fail to be conscious when he is tacitly disapproved of. How was he to tell Wrinkell of it even? how to explain to him why he had taken so unusual a step? The very fact was a kind of confession that something more was in it than met the eye. And Jack —; but Jack and Wrinkell too would have greater cause of astonishment still, which would throw even this into the shade. Mr. Wrinkell knocked at Mr. Brownlow's door when he had come this length in his thoughts. The manager had not troubled him so long as he had been alone and apparently busy; but after the long audience accorded to young Powys, Mr. Wrinkell did not see how he could be shut out. He came in accordingly, and already Mr. Brownlow saw the disapproval in his eye. He was stately, which was no doubt a deportment becoming a head clerk, but not precisely in the private office of his principal; and he did not waste a single word in what he had to say. He was concise almost to the point of abruptness; all of which particulars of disapprobation Mr. Brownlow perceived at once.

"Wrinkell," he said, when they had dismissed in this succinct way the immediate business in hand, "I want to speak to you about young Powys. I am interested in that young fellow. I want to raise his salary. But I should like to know first what you have got to say."

It was a hypocritical speech, but Mr. Wrinkell happily was not aware of that; he pursed up his lips and screwed them tight together, as if, in the first place, he did not mean to say anything, but relented after a minute's pause.

"At the present moment, sir," said Mr. Wrinkell, "I am doubtful what to say. Had you asked me three months since, I should have answered, 'By all means.' If you had asked me one month since, I should have said, 'Certainly not.' Now, I avow my penetration is baffled, and I don't know what to say."

"You mean he is not doing so well as he did at first?" said Mrs. Brownlow. "Nobody ever does that I know of. And better than he did later? Is that what you mean to say?"

"Being very concise," said Mr. Wrinkell, slowly, "I should say that was a sort of a summary. When he came first he was the best beginner I ever had in hand; and I did not leave him without signs of my approval. I had him to my humble home, Mr. Brownlow, as perhaps you are aware, and gave him the opportunity of going to chapel with us. I don't hesitate to avow," said Mr. Wrinkell, with a little solemnity, "that I had begun to regard him as a kind of son of my own."

"And then there was a change?" said the lawyer, with a smile.

"There was a great change," said Mr. Wrinkell. "It was no more the same young

man — a cheerful bright young fellow that could laugh over his tea of a Sunday, and walk steadily to chapel after with Mrs. Wrinkell and myself. We are not of those Christians who think a little cheerfulness out of season of a Sunday. But he changed of that. He would have no tea, which is a bad sign in a young man. He yawned in my very pew by Mrs. Wrinkell's side. It grieved me, sir, as if he had been my own flesh and blood; but of course we had to give up. The last few weeks he has been steadier," Mr. Wrinkell added, quickly, "there can't be any doubt about that."

"But he might decline tea, and yawn over a sermon, without going to the bad," said Mr. Brownlow. "I hope so at least, for they are two things I often do myself."

"Excuse me," said Mr. Wrinkell, who liked now and then to take high ground. "There is all the difference. I fully admit the right of private judgment. You judge for yourself; but a young man who has kind friends anxious to serve him — there is all the difference. But he has been steady of late," the head clerk added, with candour; "I gladly acknowledge that."

"Perhaps he had something on his mind," said Mr. Brownlow. "At all events I don't think much harm has come of it. I take an interest in that young fellow. You will double his salary, Mr. Wrinkell, next quarter-day."

"Double it!" said Mr. Wrinkell, with a gasp. He fell back from his position by the side of the table, and grew pale with horror.

"Double it?" he added after a pause, inquiringly. "Did I understand, sir? was that what you said?"

"That was what I said," said Mr. Brownlow; and, after the habit of guilty men, he began immediately to defend himself. "I trust," he said, unconsciously following the old precedent, "that I have a right to do what I like with my own."

"Certainly — certainly," said Mr. Wrinkell; and then there was a pause. "I shall put these settlements in hand at once," he resumed, with what the lawyer felt was something like eagerness to escape the subject. "Mr. Robinson is waiting for the instructions you have just given me. And the Wardell case is nearly ready for your revision — and. May I ask if the — the — increase you mention in Mr. Powys's salary is to begin from next quarter-day, or from the last?"

"From the last," said Mr. Brownlow, with stern brevity.

"Very well, sir," said Mr. Wrinkell. "I cannot conceal from you that it may have a bad effect — a painful effect."

"Upon whom?" said Mr. Brownlow.

"Upon the other clerks. They are pretty steady — neither very good nor very bad; and he has been both good and bad," said Mr. Wrinkell, stoutly. "It will have an unpleasant effect. They will say we make favourites, Mr. Brownlow. They have already said as much in respect to myself."

"They had better mind their own affairs,"

was all Mr. Brownlow said; but, nevertheless, when he went out into the office afterwards, he imagined (prematurely, for it had not yet been communicated to them) that he read disgust in the eyes of his clerks; and he was not unmoved by it, any more than General Haman was by the contempt of the old man who sat in the gate.

CHAPTER XXI. — HOW A MAN CAN DO WHAT HE LIKES WITH HIS OWN.

It was not for some days that the clerks in Mr Brownlow's office found out the enormity of which their employer had been guilty—which was almost unfortunate, for he gave them full credit for their disapproval all the time. As it was, Mr. Wrinkell embodied within his own person all the disapprobation on a grand scale. It was not that he disapproved of Powys's advancement. Without being overwhelmingly clever or fascinating, the young Canadian was one of those open-hearted, open-eyed souls who find favour with most good people. There was no malice nor envy nor uncharitableness about him; he was ready to acknowledge everybody's good qualities, ready to appreciate whatever kindness might be offered to him, open to see all that was noble or pleasant or of good report—which is the quality of all others most generally wanting in a limited community, from an office up to—even a University. Mr. Wrinkell was a head clerk and a Dissenter, and not a tolerant man to speak of, but he liked the more generous breadth of nature without very well knowing why; and he was glad in his heart that the young fellow had "got on." But still, for all that, he disapproved—not of Powys, but of Mr. Brownlow. It was caprice, and caprice was not to be supported—or it was from consideration of capability, apart from all question of standing in the office, which was, it must be allowed, more insupportable still. Mr. Wrinkell reflected that he had himself been nearly forty years in the employment of the Brownlows of Master-ton without once having his salary doubled. And he felt that if such a dangerous precedent were once established, the consequences might be tremendous. Such a boy, for example, if he but happened to be clever and useful, might be put over everybody's head, before anybody was aware. Mr. Wrinkell, who was grand vizier, was not afraid for his own place, but he felt that it was an example to be summarily discouraged. After all, when a man is not clever it is not his fault; whereas, when he is respectable and steady, the virtue and praise is purely his own. "It's revolutionary," he said to his wife. "There is Brown, who has been years and years in the office—there never was a steadier fellow. I don't remember that he ever lost a day—except when he had that fever, you know; but twenty pound a year increase was as much as ever was given to him."

"When he had the fever they were very kind

to him," said Mrs. Wrinkell; "and, after all, Mr. Brownlow has a right to do what he likes with his own."

"He may have a right," said Mr. Wrinkell, doubtfully, "but it's a thing that always makes a heart-burning, and always will."

"Well, William, we may be thankful it can't make any difference to us," said his wife. This was the sum of the good woman's philosophy, but it answered very well. It was always her conviction that there will be peace in our day.

As for Brown, when he first heard the news, he went home to the bosom of his family with bitterness in his heart. "I can't call to mind a single day I ever missed, except that fever, and the day Billy was born," he said to Mrs. Brown, despondingly; "and here's this young fellow that's been six months in the office"—

"It's a shame," said that injured woman; "it's a black burning shame. A bit of a lad picked up in the streets that don't know what money is; and you a married man with six—not to say the faithful servant you have been. I wonder for my part how Mr. Brownlow dares to look you in the face."

"He don't mind much about that. What he thinks is, that the money's his own," said poor Brown, with a sigh.

"But it ain't his own," said the higher spirited wife. "I would just like to know who works hardest for it, him or you. If I saw him every day as you do, I would soon give him a piece of my mind."

"And lose my place altogether," said the husband. But, notwithstanding, though he did not give Mr. Brownlow a piece of his mind, Brown did not hesitate to express his feelings a little in the tone of his voice, and the disapproval in his eye.

All this, however, was as nothing to the judgment which Mr. Brownlow brought upon himself on the following Sunday. The fact that his father had doubled any clerk's salary was a matter of great indifference to Jack. He smiled in an uncomfortable sort of way when he heard it was young Powys on whom this benefit had fallen; but otherwise it did not affect him. On Sunday, however, as it happened, something occurred that brought Mr. Brownlow's favouritism—his extraordinary forgetfulness of his position and of what was due to his children—home in the most striking way to his son. It was a thing that required all Mr. Brownlow's courage; and it cannot be said that he was quite comfortable about it. He had done what never had been done before to any clerk since the days of Brownlows began. He had invited young Powys to dinner. He had even done more than that—he had invited him to come early, to ramble about the park, as if he had been an intimate. It was not unpleasant to him to give the invitation, but there is no doubt that the thought of how he was to communicate the fact to his children, and prepare them for their visitor, did give him a little trouble. Of course it was his own house. He was free to ask any one he liked to it. The choice lay entirely with

himself; but yet — He said nothing about it until the very day for which his invitation had been given — not that he had forgotten the fact, but somehow a certain constraint came over him whenever he so much as approached the subject. It was only Thursday when he asked young Powys to come, and he had it on his mind all that evening, all Friday and Saturday, and did not venture to make a clean breast of it. Even when Jack was out of the way, it seemed to the father impossible to look into Sara's face, and tell her of the coming guest. Sunday was very bright — a midsummer day in all its green and flowery glory. Jack had come to the age when a young man is often a little uncertain about his religious duties. He did not care to go and hear Mr. Harcastle preach. So he said; though the Rector, good man, was very merciful, and inflicted only fifteen minutes of sermon; and then he was very unhappy, and restless, and uneasy about his own concerns; and he was misanthropical for the moment, and disliked the sight and presence of his fellow-creatures. So Jack did not go to church. And Sara and her father did, walking across the beautiful summer park, under the shady trees, through the paths all flecked with sunshine. Sara's white figure gave a centre to the landscape. She was not angelic, notwithstanding her white robes, but she was royal in her way — a young princess moving through a realm that belonged to her, used to homage, used to admiration, used to know herself the first. Though she was as sweet and as gracious as the morning, all this was written in her face; for she was still very young, and had not reached the maturer dignity of unconsciousness. Mr. Brownlow, as he went with her, was but the first subject in her kingdom. Nobody admired her as he did. Nobody set her up above every competitor with the perfect faith of her father; and to see her clinging to his arm, lifting up her fresh face to him, displaying all her philosophies and caprices for his benefit, was a pretty sight. But yet all through that long walk to Dewsbury and back, he never ventured to disclose his secret to her. All the time it lay on his heart, but he could not bring himself to say it. It was only when they were all leaving the table, after luncheon, that Mr. Brownlow unburdened himself. "By the way," he said suddenly, as he rose from his chair, "there is some one coming out to dinner from Master-ton. Oh, not anybody that makes much difference — a young fellow" —

"Some young fellows make a great deal of difference," said Sara. "Who is it, papa?"

"Well — at present he is — only one of my clerks," said Mr. Brownlow, with an uneasy, and, to tell the truth, rather humble and deprecating smile — "one you have seen before — he was out here that day I was ill."

"Oh, Mr. Powys," said Sara; and in a moment, before another word was spoken, her sublime indifference changed into the brightest gleam of malice, of mischief, of curiosity, that ever shone out of two blue eyes. "I remember

him perfectly well — all about him," she said, with a touch of emphasis that was not lost on her father. "Is there anybody else, papa?"

"Powys!" said Jack, turning back in amaze. He had been going out, not thinking of any thing; but this intimation, coming just after the news of the office about Powys's increase of salary, roused his curiosity, and called him back to hear.

"Yes, Powys," said Mr. Brownlow, standing on his defence like a guilty man. "I hope you have not any objection."

"Objection, sir?" said Jack; "I don't know what you mean. It is your house, to ask anybody you like. I never should have thought of making any objection."

"Yes, it is my own house," said Mr. Brownlow. It made him feel a little sore to have the plea about doing what he liked with his own thus taken, as it were, out of his very mouth.

"But I don't remember that you ever asked any of the clerks before," said Jack. It was not that he cared much about the invitation to the clerk; it was rather because he was disagreeable himself, and could not resist the chance of being disagreeable to others, being in a highly uncomfortable state of mind.

"I don't regard Powys as a mere clerk — there are circumstances," said Mr. Brownlow. "It is useless to explain at this moment; but I don't put him on the same level with Brown and Robinson. I should be glad if you could manage to be civil to him, Jack."

"Of course I shall be civil," said Jack. But he said, "That beggar again!" through his clenched teeth. Between himself and Powys there was a natural antagonism, and just now he was out of sorts and out of temper. Of course it was his father's house, not his, that he should make any pretension to control it, and of course he would be civil to his father's guests; but he could not help repeating, "That beggar!" to himself as he went out. Was his father bewitched? He had not the slightest idea what there could be to recommend this clerk, or to distinguish him from other clerks; and as for the circumstances of difference of which Mr. Brownlow spoke, Jack did not believe in them. He would be civil, of course; but he certainly did not undertake to himself to be anything more cordial. And he went away with the determination not to be visible again till dinner. Powys! — a pretty thing to have to sit at table and make conversation for the junior clerk.

"Never mind, papa," said Sara. "Jack is dreadfully disagreeable just now; but you and I will entertain Mr. Powys. He is very nice. I don't see that it matters about his being one of the clerks."

"I was once a clerk myself," said Mr. Brownlow. "I don't know what difference it should make. But never mind; I have not come to that pitch that I require to consult Jack."

"No, said Sara a little doubtfully. Even she, though she was a dutiful child, was not quite so clear on this subject. Mr. Brownlow

had a right to do what he would with his own—but yet—Thus Sara remonstrated too. She did not give in her whole adhesion, right or wrong. She was curious and mischievous, and had no objection to see Powys again; but she was not quite clear in her mind, any more than the other people, about a man's utter mastery over his own. Mr. Brownlow saw it, and left her with something of the same feeling of discomfort which he had in the presence of Mr. Wrinkell and Mr. Brown. Was there any thing in this world which a man could really call his own, and of which he was absolutely free to dispose? It seemed to the lawyer, thinking it over, that there was no such absolute personal possession. After all, he of the vineyard settled the matter in a quite arbitrary way; and nowadays, amid all the intricacies of extreme civilisation, such a simple way of cutting the knot was impracticable. Nobody knew that Mr. Brownlow's house, and money, and goods were not entirely and honestly his own property; and yet nobody would consent that he should administer them absolutely in his own way. He could not but smile at the thought as he went into the library, where he a ways felt himself so little at home. His position and relationship to every thing around him seemed to have changed in these days. He had been a just man all his life; but now it seemed to him that justice stood continually in his way. It was a rigid, unmanageable, troublesome principle, which did harm by way of doing right, and forbade the compromises which were essential in this world. Justice to Brown denied him the liberty to advance his clever junior. Justice to Jack forbade him his natural right to entertain whomsoever he pleased at his table. In fact, it was vain to use the possessive pronoun at all; nothing was his—neither his office, nor his money, nor his house—unless under the restriction of everybody else's rights, and of public opinion beyond all. So Mr. Brownlow mused as he left Sara, and retired to his solitude. "Is thine eye evil because I am good?" But then in the days of the parable there were fewer complications, and a man was more confident in his own power.

As for Sara, in her reflections on the subject, it occurred to her as very probable that Mr. Powys was coming early, and she stayed indoors accordingly. She put herself into her favourite corner, by the window—that window which was close to the Claude—and took a little pile of books with her. Sunday afternoon, especially when one is very young, is a difficult moment. One never knows exactly what one ought to read. Such at least was Sara's experience. Novels, except under very rare and pressing circumstances, were clearly inadmissible—such circumstances, for instance, as having left your heroine in such a harrowing position that common charity required you to see her through it without delay. And real good books—those books which it is a merit to read—were out of Sara's way. I should be afraid to tell which were the special volumes

she carried with her to the window, in case it might convey to some one, differently brought up perhaps, a false impression of the soundness of her views. She had Eugénie de Guérin's Letters in her hand, which ought to cover a multitude of sins; but she was not reading them. There was the ghost of a smile, a very ghost, appearing and disappearing, and never taking bodily shape, about her pretty mouth. What she was thinking was, who, for instance, this Mr. Powys could be? She did not believe he was a mere clerk. If he were a mere clerk, was it possible that he would be brought here and presented to her like this? That was not to be thought of for a moment. No doubt it was a prince in disguise. He might be an enchanted prince, bewitched out of his proper shape by some malignant fairy; but Sara knew better than to believe for a moment that he could be only a clerk. And he was very nice—he had nice eyes, and a nice smile. He was not exactly what you would call handsome, but he had those special gifts which are indispensable. And then poor papa was in a way about him, afraid to tell his secret, compelled to treat him as if he were only a clerk, afraid Jack should be uncivil. Jack was a bear, Sara concluded to herself, and at this moment more a bear than ever; but she should take care that the enchanted prince should not be rendered uncomfortable by his incivility. Sara's musings were to this effect, as she sat in her corner by the window, with Eugénie de Guérin in her hand. A soft, warm, balmy, sunny afternoon, one of those days in which the very air is happiness, and into which no trouble seems capable of entering—nineteen years old—a fairy prince in disguise, coming to test her dispositions under his humble incognito. Do you think the young creature could forget all that, and enter even into Mademoiselle de Guérin's pure virginal world of pensive thoughts and world-renunciation, because it was Sunday? But Sara did all she could towards this end. She held that tender talisman in her hand; and, no doubt, if there were any ill spirits about, it kept them out of the way.

Powys for his part was walking up the avenue with a maze of very pleasant thoughts in his mind. He was not thinking particularly of Miss Brownlow. He was too sensible not to know that for him, a junior clerk just promoted to the glory of a hundred and twenty pounds a-year, such an idea would have been pure madness. He was thinking, let us say, of the Claude, of how it hung, and all the little accessories round it, and of the sunshine that fell on Sara's dress, and on her hair, and how it resembled the light upon the rippled water in the picture, and that he was about to witness all that again. This is what he was thinking of. He was country bred, and to breathe the fresh air, and see the trees waving over his head, was new life to him; and warm gratitude, and a kind of affection to the man who generously gave him this pleasure, were in his mind. And notwithstanding the horrible effect that the bur-

den of debt had so recently had upon him, and the fact that a hundred and twenty pounds a year are far, very far, from being a fortune, there was no whiteness now visible at his seams. He was as well dressed as he could be made in Masterton, which was a commencement at which Mr. Wrinkell, or any other good economist, would have frowned. Mr. Brownlow went to join his daughter in the drawing-room as soon as he heard that his visitor had come to the door, and met him in the hall, to Powys's great comfort and satisfaction. And they went up-stairs together. The sunshine crossed Mr. Brownlow's grizzled locks, just as it had crossed the ripply shining hair, which glistened like the water in Claude's picture. But this time Powys did not take any notice of the effect. Sara was reading when they went in, and she rose, and half-closed her book, and gave the guest a very gracious majestic welcome. It was best to be indoors just then, while it was so hot, Sara thought. Yes, that was the Claude—did he recollect it? Most likely it was simply because he was a back-woodsman, and entirely uncivilised, that Powys conducted himself so well. He did not sit on the edge of his chair as even Mr. Wrinkell did. He did not wipe his forehead, nor apologise for the dust, as Mr. Brown would have done. And he was grateful to Mr. Brownlow, and not in the least anxious to show that he was his equal. After a while, in short, it was the master of the house who felt that he was set at ease, as it was he who had been the most embarrassed and uncomfortable, and whose mind was much more occupied than that of his visitor was by thinking of the effect that Powys might produce.

At dinner, however, it was more difficult. Jack was present, and Jack was civil. It is at such a moment that breeding shows; anybody, even the merest pretender, can be rude to an intruder, but it requires careful cultivation to be civil to him. Jack was so civil that he all but extinguished the rest of the party. He treated Mr. Powys with the most distinguished politeness. He did not unbend even to his father and sister. As for Willis, the butler, Jack behaved to him as if he had been an archbishop; and such very fine manners are troublesome when the party is a small one and disposed to be friendly and agreeable. Under any circumstances, it would have been difficult to have kept up the conversation. They could not talk of their friends and ordinary doings, for Powys knew nothing about these; and though this piece of courtesy is by no means considered useful in all circles, still Mr. Brownlow was old-fashioned, and it was part of his code of manners. So they had to talk upon general subjects, which is always difficult; about books, the universal resource; and about the park, and the beauties of nature, and the difference of things in Canada; and about the music in Masterton church, and whether the new vicar was High or Low, which was a very difficult question for Powys, and one to which he did not know how to reply.

"I am sure he is High," said Sara. "The charr was all decorated with flowers on Ascension Day. I know, for two of the maids were there and saw them; and what does it matter about a sermon in comparison with that?"

"Perhaps it was his wife's doing," said Mr. Brownlow, "for I think the sermon the best evidence. He is Low—as Low as you could desire."

"As I desire!" cried Sara. "Papa, you are surely forgetting yourself. As if I could be supposed to like a Low Churchman! And Mr. Powys says they have good music. That is proof positive. Don't you think so, Jack?"

This was one of many little attempts to bring back Jack to common humanity; for Sara, womanlike, could not be contented to leave him disagreeable and alone.

"I think Mr. Powys is extremely good to furnish you with information; but I can't say I am much interested in the question," said Jack, which brought the talk to a sudden pause.

"Mr. Powys has not seen our church, papa," Sara resumed. "It is such a dear old place. The chancel, everybody says, is pure Norman, and there are some bits of real old glass in the west window. You should have gone to see it before dinner. Are you very fond of old glass?"

"I am afraid I don't know," said Powys, who was bright enough to see the manufactory of conversation which was being carried on, and was half amused by it and half distressed. "We have no old churches in Canada. I suppose they could scarcely be looked for in such a new world."

"Tell me what sort of churches you have," said Sara. "I am very fond of architecture. We can't do any thing original nowadays, you know. It is only copying and copying. But there ought to be a new field in a new world. Do tell me what style the people there like best."

"You strain Mr. Powys's powers too far," said Jack. "You cannot expect him to explain every thing to you from the vicar's principles upwards—or downwards. Mr. Powys is only mortal, I presume, like the rest of us. He can't know every thing in heaven or earth."

"I know a little of that," said Powys. "Out there we are Jacks-of-all-trades. I once made the designs for a church myself. Miss Brownlow might think it original; but I don't think she would admire it. We have to think less of beauty than of use."

"As if use and beauty could not go together," said Sara, with a little indignation. "Please don't say those things that everybody says. Then you can draw if you have made designs? and I want some cottages so much! Papa, you promised me these cottages; and now Mr. Powys will come and help me with the plans."

"There is a certain difference between a cottage and a church," said Mr. Brownlow; but

he made no opposition to the suggestion, to the intense amazement and indignation of Jack.

"You forget that Mr. Powys's time is otherwise engaged," he said; "people can't be Jacks-of-all-trades here."

Mr. Brownlow gave his son a warning glance, and Sara, who had been very patient, could bear it no longer.

"Why are you so disagreeable, Jack?" she said: "nobody was speaking to you. It was to Mr. Powys I was speaking. He knows best whether he will help me or not."

"Oh, it was to Mr. Powys you were speaking!" said Jack. "I am a very unimportant person, and I am sorry to have interposed."

Then there came a very blank disagreeable pause. Powys felt that offence was meant, and his spirit rose. But at the same time it was utterly impossible to take offence; and he sat still and tried to appear unconscious, as people do before whom the veil of family courtesy is for a moment blown aside. There are few things which are more exquisitely uncomfortable. He had to look as if he did not observe any thing; and he had to volunteer to say something to cover the silence, and found it very hard to make up his mind as to what he ought to say.

Perhaps Jack was a little annoyed at himself for his freedom of speech, for he said nothing further that was disagreeable, until he found that his father had ordered the dogcart to take the visitor back to Masterton. When he came out in the summer twilight, and found the mare harnessed for such an ignoble purpose, his soul was hot within him. If it had been any other horse in the stable—but that his favourite mare should carry the junior clerk down to his humble dwelling-place was bitterness to Jack. He stood and watched in a very uncomfortable sort of way, with his hands in his pockets, while Powys took his leave. The evening was as lovely as the day had been, and Sara too had come out, and stood on the steps, leaning on her father's arm. "Shall you drive, sir?" the groom had asked, with a respect which sprang entirely from his master's cordiality. It was merely a question of form, for the man expected nothing but a negative; but Powys's countenance brightened up. He held out his hands for the reins with a readiness which perhaps savoured more of transatlantic freedom than ought to have been the case; but then he had been deprived of all such pleasures for so long. "Good heavens!" cried Jack, "Tomkins, what do you mean? It's the bay mare you have in harness. He can't drive her. If she's lamed, or if she lames you"—

And he went up to the side of the dogcart, almost as if he would have taken the reins out of Powys's hand. The Canadian grew very red, and grasped the whip. They were very ready for a quarrel—Jack standing pale with anger, talking with the groom; Powys red with indignation, holding his place. But it was the latter who had the most command of himself.

"I shall not lame her," he said, quietly,

"nor let any one be lamed; jump up." He was thus master of the situation. The groom took his place; the mare went off straight and swift as an arrow down the avenue. But Jack knew by the look, as he said, of the fellow's wrist, by the glance in his eye, that he knew what he was about, though he did not at this moment confess the results of his observation. They stood all three on the steps when that fiery chariot wheeled away; and Jack, to tell the truth, did not feel very much satisfied with himself.

"Jack," said Mr. Brownlow, calmly, "when I have any one here again, I must require of you to keep from insulting them. If you do not care for the feelings of the stranger, you may at least have some regard for yourself."

"I had no intention of insulting any one, sir," said Jack, with a little defiance. "If you like him to break his neck or the horse's knees it is not my affair; but for a fellow who probably never had the reins in his hand before, to attempt with that mare"—

"He has had the reins in his hand oftener than either you or I," said Mr. Brownlow. The fact was, he said it at hazard, thinking it most likely that Powys could drive, but knowing nothing more about it, while Jack knew by sight and vision, and felt himself in his heart a snob as he strolled away from the door. He was uncomfortable, but he succeeded in making his father more uncomfortable still. The mare, too, was his own, though it was Jack's favourite, and if he liked to have her lamed he might. Such was the Parthian arrow which Mr. Brownlow received at the end of the day. Clearly that was a distant land—a land far removed from the present burden of civilization—a primitive and blessed state of existence, in which a man could be permitted to do what he liked with his own.

CHAPTER XXII.—THE DOWNFALL OF PHILOSOPHY.

JACK BROWNLW was having a very hard time of it just at that moment. There had been a lapse of more than a week, and he had not once seen the fair little creature of whom every day he had thought more and more. It was in vain that he looked up at the window—Pamela now was never there. He never saw her even at a distance—never heard so much as her name. Sara, who had been ready enough to speak of her friend—even Sara, indiscreet, and hasty, and imprudent—was silent. Poor Jack knew it was quite right—he recognised, even though he hated it, the force that was in his father's arguments. He knew he had much better never see her—never even speak of her again. He understood with his intelligence that utter separation between them was the only prudent and sensible step to be taken; but his heart objected to understand with a curious persistency which Jack could scarcely believe of a heart of his. He had found his

intellect quite sufficient to guide him up to this period; and when that other part of him, with which he was so much less acquainted, fought and struggled to get the reins in hand, it would be difficult to express the astonishment he felt. And then he was a young man of the present day, and he was not anxiously desirous to marry. A house of his own, with all its responsibilities, did not appear to him the crown of delight which perhaps it ought to have done. He was content to go on with his life as it had been, without any immediate change. It still appeared to him, I am sorry to admit, that for a young man, who had a way to make in the world, a very early marriage was a sort of suicidal step to take. This was all very well for his mind, which wanted no convincing. But for his heart it was very different. That newly discovered organ behaved in the most incomprehensible sort of way. Even though it possibly gave a grunt of consent to the theory about marriage, it kept on longing and yearning, driving itself frantic with eagerness, just to see her, just to hear her, just to touch her little hand, just to feel the soft passing rustle of her dress. That was all. And as for talking reason to it, or representing how profitless such a gratification would be, he might as well have preached to the stones. He went back and forward to the office for a whole week with this conflict going on within him, keeping dutifully to his work, doing more than he had done for years at Masterton, trying to occupy himself with former thoughts, and with anticipations of the career he had once shaped out for himself. He wanted to get away from the office, to get into public life somehow, to be returned for the borough, and have a seat in Parliament. Such had been his ambition before this episode in his life. Such surely ought to be his ambition now; but it was amazing, incredible, how this new force within him would break through all his more elevated thoughts with a kind of inarticulate cry for Pamela. She was what he wanted most. He could put the other things aside, but he could not put her aside. His heart kept crying out for her, whatever his mind might be trying to think. It was extraordinary and despicable, and he could not believe it of himself; but this was how it was. He knew it was best that he should not see her; yet it was no virtue nor self-denial of his that kept them apart. It was she who would not be visible. Along the roads, under the trees, at the window, morning or evening, there was no appearance of her. He thought sometimes she must have gone away. And his eager inquiries with himself whether this separation would make her unhappy gradually gave way to irritation and passionate displeasure. She had gone away, and left no sign; or she was shutting herself up, and sacrificing all that was pleasant in his existence. She was leaving him alone to bear the brunt; and he would gladly have taken it all to spare her—but if he bore it, and was the victim, something at least he ought to have had for his recompense. A last meeting, a last

look, an explanation, a farewell—at least he had a right to that. And notwithstanding his anger he wanted her all the same—wanted to see her, to speak to her, to have her near him, though he was not ready to carry her off, or marry her on the spot, or defy his father and all the world on her account. This was the painful struggle that poor Jack had to bear as he went back and forward all those days to Masterton. He held very little communication with his father, who was the cause of it all. He chose to ride or to walk rather than have those *tête-à-tête* drives. He kept his eyes on every turn of the way, on every tree and hedge which might possibly conceal her; and yet he knew he must part from her, and in his heart was aware that it was a right judgment which condemned him to this sacrifice. And it was not in him, poor fellow, to take it cheerfully or suffer with a good grace. He kept it to himself, and scorned to betray to his father or sister what he was going through. But he was not an agreeable companion during this interval, though the fact was that he gave them very little of his society, and struggled, mostly by himself, against his hard fate.

And probably he might have been victorious in the struggle. He might have fought his way back to the high philosophical ground from which he was wont to preach to his friend Keppel. At the cost of all the first freshness of his heart, at the cost of many buds of grace that never would have bloomed again, he might have come out victor, and demonstrated to himself beyond all dispute that in such matters a strong will is every thing, and that there is no love or longing that may not be crushed on the threshold of the mind. All this Jack might have done, and lived to profit by it and smart for it, but for a chance meeting by which Fate, in spite of a thousand precautions, managed to balk his philosophy. He had gone home early in the afternoon, and he had been seen by anxious eyes behind the curtains of Mrs. Swayne's window—not Pamela's eyes, but those of her mother—to go out again dressed, about the time when a man who is going to dinner sets out to fulfil his engagement. And Jack was going out to dinner; he was going to Ridley, where the family had just come down from town. But there had come that day a kind of crisis in his complaint, and when he was half-way to his friend's house a sudden disgust seized him. Instead of going on, he jumped down from the dogcart, and tore a leaf out of his pocket-book, on which he scribbled a hasty word of apology to Keppel. Then, while the groom went on with his note, he turned and went sauntering home along the dusty road in his evening coat. Why should he go and eat the fellow's dinner? What did he care about it? Go and make an ass of himself, and laugh and talk when he would much rather run a tilt against all the world! And what could she mean by shutting herself up like this, and never so much as saying good-by? It could harm nobody to say good-by. Thus

Jack mused in pure despatch and contrariety, without any intention of laying a snare for the object of his thoughts. He had gone a long way on the road to Ridley before he changed his mind, and consequently it was getting late when he drew near Brownlows coming back. It was a very quiet country road, a continuation of that which led to Masterton. Here and there was a clump of great trees making it sombre, and then along stretch of hedgerow with the fragrant meadow on the other side of it, and the cows lowing to go home. There was nobody to be seen up or down the road except a late carter with his horse's harness on his shoulder, and a boy and a girl driving home some cows. In the distance stood Swayne's Cottages, half lost in the twilight, with two faint curls of smoke going up into the sky. All was full of that dead calm which chafes the spirit of youth when it is in the midst of its troubles—that calm which is so soothing and so sweet when life and we have surmounted the first battles, and come to a moment of truce. But there was no truce as yet in Jack Brownlow's thoughts. He wanted to have his own way and he could not have it; and he knew he ought not to have it, and he would not give it up. If he could have kicked at the world, and strangled Nature and made an end of Reason, always without making a fool of himself, that would have been the course of action most in consonance with his thoughts.

And it was just then that a certain flutter round the corner of the lane which led to Dewsbury caught his eye,—the flutter of the soft evening air in a black dress. It was not the "*creatura bella vestita in bianca*" which comes up to the ideal of a lover's fancy. It was a little figure in a black dress, with a cloak wrapped round her and a broad hat shading her face, all dark among the twilight shadows. Jack saw, and his heart sprang up within him with a violence which took away his breath. He made but one spring across the road. When they had parted they had not known that they were lovers; but now they had been a week apart and there was no doubt on the subject. He made but one spring, and caught her and held her fast. "Pamela!" he cried out; and though there had been neither asking nor consent, and not one word of positive love-making between them, and though no disrespectful or irreverent thought of her had ever entered his mind, poor Jack, in his ardour and joy and surprise and rage, kissed her suddenly with a kind of transport. "Now I have you at last!" he cried. And this was in the open road, where all the world might have seen them; though happily, so far as was apparent, there was nobody to see.

Pamela, too, gave a cry of surprise and fright and dismay. But she was not angry, poor child. She did not feel that it was unnatural. Her poor little heart had not been standing still all this time any more than Jack's. They had gone over all those tender, childish, celestial preliminaries while they were apart; and now

there could not be any doubt about the bond that united them. Neither the one nor the other affected to believe that further preface was necessary: circumstances were too pressing for that. He said, "I have you at last," with eyes that gleamed with triumph; and she said, "Oh, I thought I should never, never see you again!" in a voice which left nothing to be confessed. And for the moment they both forgot every thing—fathers, mothers, promises, wise intentions, all the secondary lumber that makes up the world.

When this instant of utter forgetfulness was over, Pamela began to cry, and Jack's arm dropped from her waist. It was the next inevitable stage. They made two or three steps by each other's side, separate, despairing, miserable. Then it was the woman's turn to take the initiative. She was crying, but she could still speak—indeed, it is possible that her speech would have been less natural had it been without those breaks in the soft voice. "I am not angry," she said, "because it is the last time. I shall never, never forget you; but oh, it was all a mistake, all from the beginning. We never—meant—to grow fond of each other," said Pamela through her sobs; "it was all—all a mistake."

"I was fond of you the very first minute I saw you," said Jack; "I did not know then, but I know it now. It was no mistake;—that time when I carried you in out of the snow. I was fond of you then, just as I am now—as I shall be all my life."

"No," said Pamela, "oh, no. It is different—every day in your life you see better people than I am. Don't say any thing else. It is far better for me to know. I have been a—little—contented ever since I thought of that."

These words once more put Jack's self-denial all to flight. "Better people than you are?" he cried. "Oh, Pamela! I never saw anybody half as sweet, half as lovely, all my life."

"Hush! hush! hush!" said Pamela: they were not so separate now, and she put her soft little hand up, as if to lay it on his lips. "You think so, but it is all—all a mistake!"

Then Jack looked into her sweet tearful eyes, nearer, far nearer than he had ever looked before—and they were eyes that could bear looking into, and the sweetness and the bitterness filled the young man's heart. "My little love!" he cried, "it is not you who are a mistake." And he clasped her, almost crushed her waist with his arm in his vehemence. Every thing else was a mistake—himself, his position, her position, all the circumstances; but not Pamela. This time she disengaged herself, but very softly, from his arm.

"I do not mind," she said, looking at him with an innocent, wistful tenderness, "because it is the last time. If you had not cared, I should have been vexed. One can't help being a little selfish. Last time, if you had said you were fond of me, I should have been frightened; but now I am glad, very glad you are fond of

me. It will always be something to look back to. I shall remember every word you said, and how you looked. Mamma says life is so hard," said Pamela, faltering a little, and looking far away beyond her lover, as if she could see into a long stretch of life. So she did; and it looked a desert, for he was not to be there.

"Don't speak like that," cried Jack; "life shall not be hard to you—not while I live to take care of you—not while I can work"—

"Hush, hush!" said the girl softly. "I like you to say it, you know. One feels glad; but I know there must be nothing about that. I never thought of it when—when we used to see each other so often. I never thought of any thing. I was only pleased to see you; but mamma has been telling me a great deal—every thing, indeed; I know better now"—

"What has she been telling you?" said Jack. "She has been telling you that I would deceive you; that I was not to be trusted. It is because she does not know me, Pamela. You know me better. I never thought of any thing either," he added, driven to simplicity by the force of his emotions, "except that I could not do without you, and that I was very happy. And, Pamela, whatever it may cost, I can't live without you now."

"But you must," said Pamela: "if you could but hear what mamma says! She never said you would deceive me. What she said was, that we must not have our own way. It may break our hearts, but we must give up. It appears life is like that," said Pamela, with a deep sigh. "If you like any thing very much, you must give it up."

"I am ready to give up everything else," said Jack, carried on by the tide, and forgetting all his reason; "but I will not give you up. My little darling, you are not to cry—I did not know I was so fond of you till that day. I didn't even know it till now," cried the young man. "You mustn't turn away from me, Pamela—give me your hand; and whatever happens to us, we two will stand by each other all our lives."

"Ah, no," said Pamela, drawing away her hand; and then she laid the same hand which she had refused to give him on his shoulder and looked up into his face. "I like you to say it all," she went on,—"I do—it is no use making believe when we are just going to part. I shall remember every word you say. I shall always be able to think that when I was young I had some one to say these things to me. If your father were to come now, I should not be afraid of him; I should just tell him how it was. I am glad of every word that I can treasure up. Mamma said I was not to see you again; but I said if we were to meet we had a right to speak to each other. I never thought I should have seen you to-night. I shouldn't mind saying to your father himself that we had a right to speak. If we should both live long and grow old, and never meet for years and years, don't you think we shall still know each other in heaven?"

As for poor Jack he was driven wild by this, by the sadness of her sweet eyes, by the soft tenderness of her voice, by the virginal simplicity and sincerity which breathed out of her. Pamela stood by him with the consciousness that it was the supreme moment of her existence. She might have been going to die; such was the feeling in her heart. She was going to die out of all the sweet hopes, all the dawning joys of her youth; she was going out into that black desert of life where the law was that if you liked any thing very much you must give it up. But before she went she had a right to open her heart, to hear him disclose his. Had it been possible that their love should have come to any thing, Pamela would have been shy and shame-faced; but that was not possible. But a minute was theirs, and the dark world gaped around to swallow them up from each other. Therefore the words flowed in a flood to Pamela's lips. She had so many things to say to him,—she wanted to tell him so much; and there was but this minute to include all. But her very composure—her tender solemnity—the pure little white martyr that she was, giving up what she most loved, gave to Jack a wilder thrill, a more headlong impulse. He grasped her two hands, he put his arm round her in a sudden passion. It seemed to him that he had no patience with her or any thing,—that he must seize upon her and carry her away.

"Pamela," he cried, hoarsely, "it is of no use talking,—you and I are not going to part like this. I don't know anything about heaven, and I don't want to know—not just now. We are not going to part, I tell you. Your mother may say what she likes, but she can't be so cruel as to take you from a man who loves you and can take care of you—and I will take care of you, by heaven! Nobody shall ever come between us. A fellow may think and think when he doesn't know his own mind; and it's easy for a girl like you to talk of the last time. I tell you it is not the last time—it is the first time. I don't care a straw for any thing else in the world—not in comparison with you. Pamela, don't cry; we are going to be together all our life."

"You say so because you have not thought about it," said Pamela, with an ineffable smile; "and I have been thinking of it ever so long—ever so much. No; but I don't say you are to go away, not yet. I want to have you as long as I can; I want to tell you so many things—every thing I have in my heart."

"And I will hear nothing," said Jack,— "nothing except that you and I belong to each other. That's what you have got to say. Hush, child! do you think I am a child like you? Pamela, look here—I don't know when it is to be, nor how it is to be, but you are going to be my wife."

"Oh no, no," said Pamela, shrinking from him, growing red and growing pale in the shock of this new suggestion. If this was how it was to be, her frankness, her sad openness, became a kind of crime. She had suffered his

embrace before, prayed him to speak to her, thought it right to take full advantage of the last indulgence accorded to them; and now the tables were turned upon her. She shrank away from him, and stood apart in the obscure twilight. There had not been a blush on her cheek while she opened her innocent young heart to him in the solemnity of the supposed farewell, but now she was overwhelmed with sudden shame.

"I say yes, yes, yes," said Jack vehemently, and he seized upon the hands that she had clasped together by way of safeguard. He seized upon them with a kind of violence appropriating what was his own. His mind had been made up and his fate decided in that half-hour. He had been full of doubts up to this moment; but now he had found out that without Pamela it was not worth while to live—that Pamela was slipping through his fingers, ready to escape out of his reach; and after that there was no longer any possibility of a compromise. He had become utterly indifferent to what was going on around as he came to this point. He had turned his back on the road, and could not tell who was coming or going. And thus it was that the sudden intrusion which occurred to them was entirely unexpected, and took them both by surprise. All of a sudden, while neither was looking, a substantial figure was suddenly thrust in between them. It was Mrs. Swayne, who had been in Dewsbury and was going home. She did not put them aside with her hands, but she pushed her large person completely between the lovers, thrusting one to one side and the other to the other. With one of her arms she caught Pamela's dress, holding her fast, and with the other she pushed Jack away. She was flushed with walking and haste, for she had seen the two figures a long way off, and had divined what sort of meeting it was; and the sight of her fiery countenance between them startled the two so completely that they fell back on either side and gazed at her aghast, without saying a word. Pamela, startled and overcome, hid her face in her hands, while Jack made a sudden step back, and got very hot and furious, but for the moment found himself incapable of speech.

"For shame of yourself!" said Mrs. Swayne, panting for breath; "I've almost killed myself running, but I've come in time. What are you a persuadin' of her to do, Mr. John? Oh for shame of yourself! Don't tell me! I know what young gentlemen like you is. A-enticin' her, and persuadin' her, and leading her away, to bring her poor mother's gray hairs with sorrow to the grave. Oh for shame of yourself! And her mother just as simple and innocent, as would believe any thing you liked to tell her; and nobody as can keep this poor thing straight and keep her out o' trouble but me!"

While she panted out this address, and thrust him away with her extended hand, Jack stood by in consternation, furious but speechless. What could he do? He might order her away,

but she would not obey him. He might make his declaration over again in her presence, but she would not believe him, and he did not much relish the idea; he could not struggle with this woman for the possession of his love, and at the same time his blood boiled at her suggestions. If she had been a man he might have knocked her down quietly, and been free of the obstruction, but women take a shabby advantage of the fact that they cannot be knocked down. As he stood thus with all his eloquence stopped on his lips, Pamela, from across the bulky person of her champion, stretched out her little hand to him and interposed.

"Hush," she said; "we were saying good-by," to each other, Mrs. Swayne. I told mamma we should say good-by. Hush, oh hush, she doesn't understand; but what does that matter? we must say good-by all the same."

"I shall never say good-by," said Jack; "you ought to know me better than that. If you must go home with this woman, go—I am not going to fight with her. It matters nothing about her understanding; but, Pamela, remember it is not good-by. It shall never be good-by."—

"Understand!" said Mrs. Swayne, whose indignation was furious, "and why shouldn't I understand? Thank Providence I'm one as knows what temptation is. Go along with you home, Mr. John; and she'll just go with this woman, she shall. Woman, indeed! And I don't deny as I'm a woman—and so was your own mother for all so fine as you are. Don't you think as you'll lay your clutches on this poor lamb, as long as Swayne and me's to the fore. I mayn't understand, and I may be a woman, but"—Miss Pamela, you'll just come along home."

"Yes, yes," said Pamela; and then she held up her hand to him entreatingly. "Don't mind what she says—don't be angry with me; and I will never, never forget what you have said—and—good-by," said the girl, steadily, holding out her hand to him with wonderful glistening smile that shone through two big tears.

As for Jack, he took her hand and gave it an angry loving grasp which hurt it, and then threw it away. "I am going to see your mother," he said, deigning no other reply. And then he turned his back on her without another word, and left her standing in the twilight in the middle of the dusty road, and went away. He left the two women standing amazed, and went off with quick determined steps that far outstripped their capabilities. It was the road to the cottage—the road to Brownlows—the road anywhere or everywhere. "He's a-going home, and a blessed riddance," said Mrs. Swayne, though her spirit quaked within her. But Pamela said nothing: he was not going home. The girl stood and watched his quick firm steps and worshipped him in her heart. To her mother! And was there any thing but one thing that her mother could say?

From the Spectator, 6th July.

THE FATE OF MAXIMILIAN.

THE curtain has fallen on the Mexican tragedy. There is no longer any reason to doubt that Juarez, overpowered by the clamour of his followers, or sincerely believing in the necessity of extreme measures, has given way, and that Maximilian was executed on the 19th June at Queretaro. His own orders condemning all Mexicans who resisted him to immediate death, orders which were acted upon by his lieutenants with cruel zeal, had maddened his Liberal opponents, who justly held that until they had accepted his rule they were not rebels, but patriots resisting an invader, and in some degree justly an act which would otherwise have been a simple murder of a prisoner of war. Juarez, too, as a pure Indian, had a grievance against his enemy which Europe has chosen to forget. We published, months since, a decree signed by the Emperor himself re-establishing peonage, that is, re-introducing slavery in a country which had been relieved from that curse, — the greatest and most inexcusable crime a ruler can in this century commit. Nevertheless, it is impossible for men not blinded by mere hatred of thrones not to regret the unhappy fate of a man whose previous history had been so unspotted, who certainly meant well to the Mexicans who have killed him, and who displayed in the last stages of his career a dignity and a courage worthy alike of the position he had quitted and the rank he strove to obtain. A German prince, Maximilian sought to seize a sovereignty over Spanish republicans; a Hapsburg, he descended to be the satrap of Napoleon; but the refusal to leave Mexico with the French, the effort to enlist a national army, the desperate defence of Queretaro, were all acts worthy of a House which with all its failings has never skulked, and reveal a character which, though vain and ambitious, could never have been base. The faults of the Archduke were those of his family, his training, and his position; his heroism was his own, and his unexampled misfortunes may well extort commiseration, if not sympathy, from men who nevertheless despise the rapidly reviving worship of the royal caste. He played with his head for a throne, but at least when defeated he frankly and loyally paid the stakes. From the departure of the French, Maximilian was the chief of a national party, was alone as a Mexican with Mexicans, and the cruelty of Juarez forms

a bad contrast to the clemency of the people whose interposition alone has restored him to supreme power. The Americans have pardoned a far more formidable opponent who fought them in a far less justifiable cause.

The event, apart altogether from its personal aspects, may yet prove to be one of high political moment. It reveals to the people of France as no other occurrence could have done that their Emperor is fallible, that when not interpreting French opinion he is liable to blunder on a colossal scale. The French expedition was from first to last Napoleon's own idea. The people disliked it, the army dreaded it, the politicians denounced it, and even the courtiers, with a few noteworthy exceptions, questioned or denied its wisdom. The Emperor planned and executed it alone, and from first to last scarcely a calculation has turned out sound. He believed that the Civil War would end in a division of the Union, and it has ended by consolidating its dominion and immensely increasing its external power. He supposed that the Mexicans after a short resistance would yield to the organizing genius of the French, that the love of order would counterbalance patriotism, and the Mexicans have fought on with savage determination for nearly four years. He hoped to reinvigorate the Latin races in their great struggle with the Anglo-Saxons on the American continent, and the only powers left alive and real there are the Anglo-Saxon and the Indian. He believed that the expedition would at last yield incalculable wealth to France, the virtual control of the alternative road between Europe and the Far East, and it has ended in a loss of forty millions sterling, drawn mainly from supporters who subscribed in their faith in his star to Franco-Mexican loans. He judged that it would be easier to rule Mexico through an independent sovereign than through a viceroy, and the Sovereign's pretensions proved his own most serious embarrassment. He thought that the grant of a throne to a Hapsburg would permanently conciliate a house on which he relies for influence in Germany, and the appointment has deepened the chasm which separates the Austrians and the French almost beyond hope from the most skilful engineering. And, finally, he deemed it safest, after conquering Mexico and selecting its monarch, to desert his nominee, rather than fight the Union, and it may well be that this was the greatest blunder of all. The French feel wounded in their honour, the army knows

well that it has retired without firing a shot before an American menace, and the *bourgeoisie* are alarmed by an expenditure to which there seems no limit except that of the national resources. Even M. Rouher, the rhapsodist of the Tribune, the Barrère of the Cæsarian régime who will defend anything and can answer any one, is compelled to call the expedition the "black spot on a brilliant surface," and to acknowledge that his master has been beaten, if not by Juárez and Mr. Seward, then by distance and the destinies. Much of this could have been kept from the people had Maximilian escaped, and much more might have been thrown upon his shoulders; but the execution of an Emperor is a fact which cannot be concealed, and which renders recrimination useless and offensive to French taste. A great war—for in expenditure of men and treasure it has been nothing less—has ended in a disastrous, or, as many Frenchmen will deem it, a dishonourable retreat, in the concession of all disputed points, and in the formal execution of the chief under whose standard the war was carried on. This clearly will not seem success even in peasants' eyes, and the essential condition of Cæsarianism is that, in their eyes at least, it shall constantly succeed. Impartial men will argue that there was something of grandeur in the original idea, that the Emperor was beaten by events he could not foresee, and that in retreating at last he deliberately preferred the prosperity of his people to his own vain-glory; but average Frenchmen are not impartial, they never recognized the idea, they hold that earthly Providences must be prescient, and they always, in private life, accept challenges without stopping to contemplate results. The belief in the Emperor, still almost immovable among the peasantry, will be sadly shaken, and that strange Nemesis which follows the unjustifiable use of power will, we believe, hurry him on to enterprises yet more dangerous than the one which has so conspicuously failed. What Moscow was to the First Empire, Mexico may yet prove to the Second.

From the Daily News.

MAXIMILIAN'S SOWING AND REAPING.

If it be true that this unhappy man has perished, he has only fallen into the snare which he had set for others. It was he—a European Prince, who professed to have gone to Mexico to sow the seeds of

civilization—who interrupted the humanities of war, and set the horrid example of executions in cold blood. When we are called on every morning to admire the spirit which animated his conduct in Mexico, and to execrate Juárez, it is necessary to recall facts which we should otherwise be glad to bury in oblivion. The truth is, there is nothing more barbarous in the history of this century than the measures to which Maximilian resorted to secure his power in a country in which he was a stranger and an invader. When those measures are referred to by his apologists, they are vaguely spoken of as severities of certain French and Imperialist generals; but on this point history appeals to documentary evidence which has not been, and never will be, disputed. On the third of October, 1865, Maximilian signed at the city of Mexico a decree, by the first article of which it was notified that all persons belonging to armed bodies not authorized by his Government, whatever their number, organization, character, or denomination, would be tried by a court-martial, and if found guilty of belonging to such a band, would be executed within four-and-twenty hours. In other words, the troops of the Republic, which were defending the independence of their country, were to be treated as brigands. The decree did not remain a dead letter. Before the month was out, Colonel Ramon Mendez defeated at Santa Anna Amatalan a Republican force of 1,000 men, and took prisoners General Arteaga, General Salazar, the governor of the department, and four colonels, all of them belonging to the regular army of the Republic, officers by education and profession, who had fought for the independence of their country from the time the French landed in Mexico. General Arteaga was a well-known patriot, of unblemished character, and the honourable French journalist who announced his capture in the Mexican newspaper, the *Estafette*, testified of him, "he is an honest and sincere man, whose career has been distinguished by humanity." These officers, pursuant to Maximilian's decree, were shot. The following letters were written by the two generals just before their execution:—

URUAPAN, October 20, 1865.

My adored Mother,—I was taken prisoner on the 13th inst. by the Imperial troops, and to-morrow I am to be shot. I pray you, mother, to forgive me for all the suffering I have caused you during the time I have followed the profession of arms, against your will. Mother, in spite of all my ef-

forts to aid you, the only means I had I sent you in April last; but God is with you, and he will not suffer you to perish, nor my sister Trinidad. I have not told you before of the death of my brother Luis, because I feared you would die of grief; he died at Tuxpan, in the state of Jalisco, about the 1st of January last. Mother, I leave nothing but a spotless name, for I have never taken any thing that did not belong to me; and I trust God will pardon all my sins and take me into his glory. I die a Christian, and bid you all adieu — you, Dolores, and all the family, as your very obedient son,

JOSE MARIA ARTEAGA.

Dona Apolonia Magallanes de Arteaga,
Aguas Calientes.

URUAPAN, October 20, 1865.

Adored Mother, — It is seven o'clock at night, and General Arteaga, Colonel Villa Comez, with three other chiefs and myself, have just been condemned. My conscience is quiet. I go down to the tomb at thirty-three years of age, without a stain upon my military career or a blot upon my name. Weep not, but be comforted, for the only crime your son has committed is the defence of a holy cause — the independence of his country. For this I am to be shot. I have no money, for I have saved nothing. I leave you without a fortune, but God will aid you and my children, who are proud to bear my name. * * * Direct my children and my brothers in the path of honour, for the scaffold cannot attain loyal names. Adieu, dear mother. I will receive your blessing from the tomb. Embrace my good uncle Luis for me, and Tecla, Lupe and Isabel, also my namesake, as well as Carmelita, Cholita, and Manuelita; give them many kisses, and the adieu from my inmost soul. Many blessings for my uncles, aunts, cousins, and all loyal friends, and receive the last adieu of your obedient and faithful son, who loves you much.

CARLOS SALAZAR.

Postscript. — If affairs should change hereafter — and it is possible they may — I wish my ashes to repose by the side of my children, in your town.

In estimating the character of this act, let it be remembered that these officers were on their own soil, defending their country, while Maximilian was a foreign adventurer — the puppet of an adventurer — with a borrowed army. It is said that the blood of Maximilian will cling to Juarez. Be it so; but to whom will the blood of

Generals Arteaga and Salazar cling? Let equal justice be done; Maximilian's decree was nothing less than a general license of assassination. This atrocious act provoked an immediate remonstrance from the Belgian prisoners of war in the hands of the Republicans, who thus wrote to the Emperor: —

TACAMBARO, October 23, 1865.

Sir, — We have learned with horror and dismay of the act committed by Colonel Mendez, who, in violation of all the laws of humanity and war, has executed a number of officers of the Liberal Army taken prisoners by him. In all civilized countries military officers respect prisoners of war. The Liberal Army — to which you refuse to accord even the name of army — pays a greater respect to those laws than the leaders of your forces; for we, who are prisoners are respected by all, from generals down to private soldiers. Were we not with a genuine Liberal force, the act of Colonel Mendez might provoke a bloody revenge; and we Belgians, who came to Mexico solely in order to act as a guard to our princess, but whom you have forced to fight against principles identical with our own, might have expiated with our blood the crime of a man who is a traitor to his country. We hope, sire, that this act of barbarity will not remain unpunished, and that you will cause the laws existing among all civilized nations to be respected. We protest most earnestly against this unworthy act, hoping that the Belgian name will not much longer continue mixed up with this iniquitous war.

BREUER, GUXOT, FLACHAT, VAN HOLLENBECK, and two hundred others.

From the Examiner, 6 July.

EXECUTION OF MAXIMILIAN.

THE unhappy dupe of the Emperor of the French has met the fate his best friends feared. Lured from a position of honour and of safety in his brother's realm, by the glitter of a phantom Crown, the restless and rash young man rejected the counsel of his wise father-in-law and the remonstrance of his proud brother; and consented to set out at the bidding of the enemy of his House and of his country, to effect a burglary in a distant State that had never done him any harm. "And the devil said unto the woman, ye shall not surely die; and the woman took of the fruit and did

eat and gave unto her husband, and he did eat." It is an old and miserable tale — the tale of human weakness and selfishness. Humanity shudders at the death, in a foreign land, of a Prince in the prime of life, who, had his lot fallen in pleasant places, would have lived amiably, and been spoken of in epitaphs and chronicles as a benefactor of his kind: but who, having succumbed to the temptings of lawless ambition, climbed for a moment high, propped by treacherous aid, and when bereft of it, fell precipitately down into darkness. A tragical ending this of a three-years' sham sovereignty! A chorus of execration sounds and resounds against those by whose hands Maximilian has been put to death; and we who, in every exigency and under all circumstances, have consistently lifted up our voice against political executions, lament his death, while we are glad of his fall. From first to last, we denounced the buccaneering plot against Mexico: we honored the courage of our Minister there, Sir Charles Wyke, who broke the alliance into which we had unfortunately entered, at the first opportunity afforded him by the French, and who refused to be sent back as England's representative, to the Court of the invader. We deplored the mistake of sending Mr. Scarlett in his stead, and receiving here the Minister of the usurper. Undeviatingly we stuck to our text, that the show and semblance of success in violence and fraud could not and would not come to good; and we say now that we think it would have been a great calamity to the world, if Napoleon III. had succeeded in founding by such means an alien empire in Mexico. All this does not blind us, however, to the folly and cruelty of the political Judaism of taking an "eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth." We hate revenge as impolitic and anti-Christian, and we condemn the rulers of Mexico, who, in the hour of their country's deliverance from invaders, have sullied their triumph by a prisoner's blood.

But let us be just. Which is the European State that can dare to sit in judgment or cast a stone? The Pretender was not executed on Tower Hill, for he was not caught: but the English and Scotch noblemen who were convicted of complicity in his cause suffered the death of traitors. The Bourbons did not shoot Napoleon when he broke into France in 1815, because he contrived to find refuge on board the *Bellerophon*; but they shot Ney, "the bravest of the brave," like any dog, despite of cries and groans of shame; and

the representative of England at Paris thought it his duty not to interfere, for which England never blamed him. The Neapolitan Bourbons whom by troops and armies we twice put back upon their forfeit throne, tried by Court-martial and shot their rival Murat, who had governed the country prosperously and in peace, and with genuine popular approval, during several years, and whose sole offence consisted in his trying to oust them, and take his place again. The great Napoleon's memory is laden with the reproach of seizing the heir of Condé, dragging him across the Border, and having him shot in the ditch of Vincennes for plotting the overthrow of his dynasty. Finally, the King of Hungary, now forgiven by a weary people, can never dissociate from his name that of Count Batthyany and those of too many of his countrymen, whose sole pretended fault was treason against the Imperial crown and dignity. We would that we could stop here; but it were mere hypocrisy to blink the fact, which will outweigh in history's judgment all parallels and analogies, the terrible fact, that just a year and a half ago, in October, 1865, Maximilian issued a decree, whereby he declared that from and after date he would execute as a criminal any man who was found in arms against him. Under that decree, five gallant gentlemen, Generals Arteaga and Salazar, with three of their staff holding the rank of Colonel in the Republican Army, were taken prisoners and put to death by order of the alien Emperor. Is it not written, "they that take the sword shall perish by the sword"? A fearful thing is this poetic retribution; but a thing which it can serve no honest or pious purpose to deny or to ignore.

We can quite believe that Juarez, had he found himself strong enough to resist the pressure from without, and to still the cry for vengeance from the many whom his Imperial prisoner had made orphans and childless, would have spared his life. He is described by those who know him as a man specially given to the forms and ceremonies of legality. A self-made man, who late in life took to the study of law and politics, and who, above all his countrymen, has shown a freedom from impulsive and sordid qualities; who in a land and a time of violence has been reproached with fewer acts of severity than any other, whether of native or foreign birth, and who has manifested a marvellous tenacity of national purpose and national policy, can have had no motive of pique or passion instigating

him to take Maximilian's life. But let us put this case to ourselves. What would be our feelings, what our words, — may we not add, what our acts and deeds, — if a French or German adventurer, of high descent, were to land in Munster, with a foreign army, and, fortifying himself in a few southern towns near the coast, were recognized there as King by half the Governments of Europe, and, after months or years of bloodshed and exaction, were he to fall into our hands?

From the Saturday Review, 6th July.

THE EMPEROR MAXIMILIAN.

THE sad fate of the Emperor MAXIMILIAN has fallen on Europe with the stroke of an unexpected calamity. It did not seem possible that this extreme measure of cruelty should be dealt out to one whose sincere desire to serve his adopted country at any cost not even his enemies doubted, that so profitless a crime should be committed after full time for reflection had elapsed, and that the remonstrances of the United States, by whose breath the triumphant party in Mexico has been made, and could be in a moment unmade, should be entirely disregarded. The fury of a savage partisanship has, however, prevailed, and the Emperor MAXIMILIAN has been shot. It is hard to believe that this is really the end of the high hopes, the brilliant anguaries, and the noble endeavours with which three years ago the ARCHDUKE began his ill-starred reign. He was a man of the true heroic mould, yet not very wise; by no means a good judge of men or events, but essentially heroic. To live to do good, to be worthy of his race, to trust even when those to be trusted were Mexicans, to do something before he died that should be useful, great, and striking, was literally the passion of his soul. He went to Mexico exactly as Dr. LIVINGSTONE went to Africa, and the common sense that points out how foolish it is to go to be murdered by negroes may also point out triumphantly how foolish it was to go to be murdered by Mexicans. It is by men who do things at once foolish and noble that the salt of the earth is preserved. The resolution of the EMPEROR to stay in Mexico after the French left was Quixotic and ill-advised, but it was conceived in the lofty vein of a man who prefers death to dishonour. The thought that there should be others who would fight for him when he would not fight

for himself stung him to desperation. And during the whole siege of Queretaro, protracted for sixty-five days, with treason round him on every side, with no better prospect before him at the best than that of making his way to the hills, and leading the life of a hunted and wounded animal until he might by chance get to the coast, he was the soul of the defence, the one man whose resolution never wavered and whose courage never gave way. Perfectly indifferent to danger, sharing to the utmost the privations of his soldiers, undragging in his care for the wounded, he went on day after day hoping against hope, until the basest treachery delivered him into the hands of a set of the most merciless ruffians that disgrace the earth.

As if in irony of human grandeur, the news of this most shocking and mournful event came to the Emperor NAPOLEON just as he was hastening to preside over the most splendid of the ceremonies that have given glory to the year of triumph at Paris. All the world was to be judged by France, and to receive from France the rewards due to labour, to taste, and ingenuity. The unwonted spectacle of the chief of the Mahomedan world in a Christian capital had aroused even the sated spirits of Parisians to enthusiasm. On a sudden it became known that the Prince whom France had sent out to establish her influence in America, to uphold the fortunes of the Latin race, and to do a great work for humanity, had been shot in cold blood for doing that which France had invited him to do. The EMPEROR has acknowledged the greatness of the calamity and the severity of the blow that has fallen on France. For this mournful end of the unfortunate MAXIMILIAN neither France nor the Emperor NAPOLEON can, under the circumstances, be justly accountable. The French knew, and MAXIMILIAN himself knew perfectly well, the risk he ran. They warned him against it, and offered him a secure retreat, but he chose from regard to his own honour to run it. Nevertheless, the tragedy with which the Mexican expedition has closed must throw its gloom over the whole enterprise, and make it seem a more lamentable failure than it did before. But our thoughts are drawn even more to the United States than to France. What will the Americans feel when they know that their formal entreaty for the life of MAXIMILIAN has been set at naught? That the life of the Emperor of MEXICO was technically forfeited may be true; and if all the difference of circumstances is ignored, it may be said that

the Mexicans had as much right to treat the EMPEROR as a brigand as he had to treat them as brigands. It must always be referred to the conscience and judgment of mankind to say when pleas of this sort are valid. But at any rate the United States did not hold them valid. The American Government acknowledged that it had a debt to discharge, not only to humanity, but to the Powers whom it had prevented from supporting the Mexican Empire. Mr. SEWARD has endeavoured to save the life of the EMPEROR, and he has failed. It remains to be seen whether he and the American people will think it honourable to sit passive under this failure. They will scarcely hold themselves bound to avenge the death of the EMPEROR; but they must in any case hold themselves bound not to allow that a Republic which owes its existence solely to them shall be plunged into endless anarchy by the manifestation of that spirit of recklessness and shortsighted fury which has wasted Mexico for half a century, and has found its latest victim in the Emperor MAXIMILIAN. The men who at present exercise the powers of government in that distracted and unhappy country must, after this fearful tragedy, begun in treachery and ending in blood, be regarded by all Christian Powers as beyond the pale of civilization.

From the *Saturday Review*, 6th July.

LORD LYONS.

LORD LYONS succeeds Lord Cowley as our Ambassador at Paris; and it may well be said that he has earned the advancement which he has attained. His long service, commencing years back with the English Legation at Athens, though a conspicuous recommendation, is by no means the first that calls for mention or reward. Neither do his pretensions rest on the ground that part of his service has been cast in the lower posts of the profession to the heights of which he has now ascended. These considerations indeed involve claims which it would be unfair to forget, and which it is unusual to overlook in the Foreign Department. But he has others stronger than these. The four or five years during which he represented Great Britain at the capital of the United States were equivalent to a quarter of a century in the life of an average diplomatist. They were years of unceasing anxiety and unresting activity. They exacted from him, not only the or-

inary duties of the diplomatic profession, but also the extraordinary qualities of a trustworthy, patient, catholic-minded statesman. It is not an easy thing at any time for any man to represent his country at Washington; but the difficulties of the position, great in every case, are by far the most overpowering in the case of him who represents England there. The irritable sensitiveness of the American character, the chameleon-like mobility of American opinion, the nervous excitability of American prejudices, and their anti-English tendency at all times and under all circumstances, make the position of an English representative at Washington one of anxiety and unpleasantness. Then, too, there are the manners and customs of American statesmen and Cabinet Ministers — men who often embody the most uncourtly demeanour of a people of whom but few are ever courtly; men who diversify the semi-barbarous wildness of the Far-West settlements with the astuteness peculiar to the civilization of the Eastern States; men who have learned by experience the comparative excellences of the Irish dodge, the American Eagle dodge, and the British Lion dodge — in fact, of every artifice by which the susceptibilities of political parties may be roused and worried — and whose rule of conduct in all matters relating to England is determined either by a hatred or by a jealousy of her. In ordinary times, collision — for contact often unavoidably becomes collision — with these men is a severe trial both of temper and of self-respect. But what must it have been in time of civil war, and such a civil war as raged four years ago in the United States! The nation was disjointed and dismembered — one part looking with anxious hope, the other with anxious fear, to the policy of England; the one feeling that the integrity of the Union and the unity of the people depended upon her, the other knowing that on her friendliness hung the realization of a long-cherished independence and the creation of a separate nationality. The minds of men, both in the Northern and the Southern States, wavered with each day's news, and doubted into which scale of that trembling balance they should throw their weight. Such was the state of things while Lord Lyons was Ambassador at Washington. It was apprehended that, animated by a desire to redeem past failures, encouraged by the example and persuaded by the solicitations of France, England might take the opportunity to break up the power of a formidable rival, to divide an encroaching Government

into two hostile camps, and to secure for herself in all future time the alternative of one staunch ally on the Continent of the Western World. To those who judged the conduct of States by the ordinary conduct of individuals, it seemed possible that England might exact a tremendous indemnity for the frauds of the two Boundary disputes, and for the aggression on San Juan. At such a crisis the difficulties of an English Minister were necessarily complicated and increased. His every action was watched with vigilance; his every appeal on behalf of his countrymen was regarded with suspicion; his explanations were received with incredulity, and his whole position made as disagreeable as possible. It would be an exaggerated, and therefore an unflattering, compliment to Lord Lyons to say that in his person no slights were endured by the English Government, and that under his protection the rights of every English subject were uniformly respected. If we are to judge by the past and the present, it will be long before respect and courtesy so general will be shown by the Government of the United States to the Government and people of England. This, however, is true, and it is a truth which redounds to the permanent honour of Lord Lyons. No man ever more honestly, more faithfully, or more laboriously discharged the difficult duties of a singularly difficult position than he did. Working harder than any clerk, he left nothing of even secondary importance to be transacted by subordinates. He gave up days and nights to long and complicated correspondence, which often related to the private concerns of very humble English subjects. Charged, by a Government cautious beyond precedent, to maintain in every act and attitude the most unqualified neutrality, he never penned a document or uttered a word which could justly wound the susceptibilities of the most sensitive nation by the faintest inuendo of partisanship. Received sometimes coldly, sometimes angrily and almost rudely, he never allowed affronts or ill-breeding to betray him into ill-humour. When he was conveying the ultimatum of his Government on the Trent affair, he exhibited as little heat and passion as when he forwarded the petition of a British subject who had been irregularly pressed into the Northern army. The words of Cicero are literally applicable to his labours:— "*Hanc urbanam militiam respondendi, scribendi, cavendi, plenam sollicitudinē ac stomachi, securus est; jus civile edidicit; multum vigilavit; laboravit; præsto multis fuit; multorum stultitiam perpersus*

*est; arrogantiam pertulit; difficultatem exor-
buit; vixit ad aliorum arbitrium, non ad su-
um.*" The fruits of a temper and a patience like this were just what they might have been expected to be. On the minds of all Americans except those who were determined to be displeased and disgusted at every thing English—who were equally soured by the demands of England in the affair of the Trent, and by her studied neutrality afterwards—on the minds of American statesmen whose whole energies were concentrated on the gigantic conflict which they were conducting, Lord Lyons left an impression which has become more and more favourable as the clouds and mists of that tempestuous epoch are clearing away. It is perhaps not too much to say that few other men beside Lord Lyons could, in such an æstus of national passion, have kept the leading statesmen of the North on equally good terms with himself, and have preserved relations as friendly as those which now exist between the two Governments. A man who has done what he has done has done his work, and earned his honours as a diplomatist.

From The Spectator.

COPSLEY ANNALS, PRESERVED IN PROVERBS.*

If we are often tired of books, tired of the subjects which seem to us treated in a dead, unpractical manner; if, looking around us, we think we see barrenness and dryness pervading even our most respectable fictions, we are yet sometimes startled by the freshness of an unexpected, unheard-of volume, pitched into our own dull room, to be, through its means lighted up and made to assume a most refreshing aspect. For this happy purpose commend us to the writers of really good children's stories. These *Copsley Annals* have come upon us without any previous idea about them. We opened them drearily; to close them soon was impossible. They seemed to make us children again. There we were playing together, boys and girls, little distinguished one from another, for the strength of sympathy in the circumstances of a quiet country life has a great tendency to level distinctions. We were once more looking up in memory to the noble old elms under which we, like the Copsley children, played.

* *Copsley Annals, Preserved in Proverbs.* By the Author of *Village Missionaries*, &c. London: Seeley, Jackson, and Co.

We heard the various language of the rooks at an almost unimaginable height above us; we thought of the days when our small world seemed to us far too large, too awe-striking, and when every new acquaintance, coming at long intervals among us, was, for ages after, our domestic oracle. We were brought, too, in sight of the village church and churchyard, and the men and women who were always ready at the stile to greet us as we went by. There was the clerk (but his name was not Clarke, like the Copsley official), who read better than any clerk I have ever heard since, being tutored by a very competent master. But the vision, though not hastily dismissed, departed of itself, and the pleasant book which called it up alone remains, to be soberly recurred to, and, oh! dry work, discussed in a literary paper.

We know nothing about the author, nor about former publications announced as by the same hand, but on the whole we have seldom opened a pleasanter volume. The stories, six in number, are given by different members of the Copsley group, in illustration of certain well-known family or village proverbs, such as not unnaturally grow into use when the occasions which gave rise to them are of a nature to take strong hold on the minds of families and neighbours, and yet in process of time will be used without much meaning or apprehension of their origin. These sort of proverbs are now scarce. In our own childhood we remember one or two springing up amongst us, to be a source of some irritation to the young people, whose folly or childishness had given rise to them. They were a little too obvious and too personal. The first of the Copsley proverbs is one explained by the young lady whose adventure it commemorates. Alice Beverley tells the origin of a common query in her time, "Have you heard the proud lady's distaff?" And Harry, her brother, gives his version of another saying, "*I can't*" lies down at the bottom of the tree; "*I will*" climbs it." On the whole, we rather prefer Harry's but both are very good, and in the last, and, again, in Mrs Blackett's story, there is an extremely well depicted character of a mistaken, but worthy, clergyman of the self-denying school, who "never seems to be at rest unless he made himself uncomfortable," so that, as Mrs. Blackett says, "The very sunshine must feel it was taking a liberty if it came into his house any way but by the back door." He was a good man; but a stern one, that never smiled; like bread that is good and wholesome, but left too

long in the oven and comes out mostly crust. "He seemed to take it as a favour if he was sent for to a sick person seven miles off on a winter's night, especially if it was in a storm, and his landlady — poor Mrs. Swan that was — told me in confidence, that one time, having sent up a jelly without leave, and thinking it might tempt him, as a change, he rang the bell, and spoke to her that seriously about indulgence of the appetite, and life being for conflict and enduring hardness, that she was constrained to promise humbly that she'd never more testify respect in the form of jelly, or even of a custard, if he'd pass it over."

This uncomfortable man, Mr. Adamson, is on the whole, we believe, a rarity; but we have certainly met in our day with persons making so near an approach to him as to convey a perpetual reproof to the sound and healthy members of their congregations, — seeming to lay themselves out in readiness for a dire misfortune and, till that came to pass, ignoring almost the common human nature of their neighbours.

Then Mrs. Blackett — a housekeeper and confidential caretaker at Copsley Hall — in a long interregnum between the death of one mistress and the advent of another, is a capital person — telling her own story well on the whole — though we have our doubts as to the education she received having any marked tendency to produce such a character.

Such a person would, we can conceive, rigorously keep the path of duty, but we cannot believe in either her humility or her spontaneous feeling. The "bread has been too long in the oven," we suspect, and therefore the best and brightest traits in her character, though somewhat accounted for by her strong attachment to children, *do* seem to us, on the whole, incongruous. Perhaps the most natural and beautiful part is the struggle in her mind on receiving a new mistress and new mother to these children, and yet more beautifully is it supplemented by the short portion given to "our Lady of Copsley," who, after years of waiting, has at last a "wee Janie" of her own, a darling child, who gives rise to the proverb illustrated, "Flowers from wee Janie's garden," and is herself the sovereign queen of her realm of Copsley, and the pride of Mrs. Blackett's heart.

The picture of a busy little woman is perfectly exquisite. We never remember falling in love so desperately with a child. All imaginable little bits of mischief are perpetrated by her without the possibility of disgrace ensuing. She is the most inde-

fatigable of busybodies. Whatever is going on in the house "wee Janie" assumes the management of it, and then in spring she'll have to see to the buds coming out, and the daisies putting on their white pinafores, and the birds building their nests, and all ready for summer." But the prime wish of Janie's heart is to have a piece of garden-ground all to herself, and this is conceded to her, and then the amount of business is tremendous. "I'm *so* busy," and "its very particular indeed," was all the explanation she would at first give, but later on the family were summoned — "Papa, Mamma, Harry, Mary, come to my garden, my own boo'ful garden."

"My own wee Janie! how proudly she surveyed the results of her labours, and rejoiced in the work of her hands. Daisies and buttercups, roses and pinks, were grouped into a motley medley, all standing up with their stalks stuck into the ground, and interspersed with a marvellous collection of feathers from the poultry-yard, that seemed to flutter with surprise at their unexpected association. 'I did it all myself,' said wee Janie, proudly, 'and its boo'ful.' And the next morning my child had to learn the lesson which, sooner or later, and in some form or other, comes to us all, as she surveyed the dead, rootless flowers which lay scattered on the ground, and contemplated with a perplexed sigh the futility of her yesterday's endeavours." And so passed into a proverb the saying, "Flowers from wee Janie's garden."

From the Spectator.

MAID-SERVANTS' PARASOLS.

THERE is something rather striking, not to say pathetic, to our minds, in the satisfaction with which you see stout country lasses, who would no more think of shading their eyes and complexions from the sun on any other day of the week than of wearing wings, carrying out with them, in visible satisfaction, on the Sunday, a gay little machine in silk for protecting their eyes and complexions from that embrowning and dazzling power. Some people will say that it is only as a comparatively inexpensive ornament, like a new bonnet, or ribbon, or brooch, that the parasol is displayed on a Sunday by young women entirely and absolutely indifferent to the special annoyances from which it is supposed to protect the eyes and face. But that view, which

may no doubt have its force in many cases, would be a very inadequate one indeed of the real fascination of the parasol to the class in question. The true glory of the parasol to those who are not really aware of the glare and heat from which it is intended to protect, consists precisely in the pleasant fiction that they are aware of it, and it is this which gives it a charm much more than purely ornamental. That any woman should seek to wear what she thinks will make her look prettiest is a matter of course which needs no remark; and if rustic maid-servants erroneously think they look prettiest in silks and tulle bonnets and gilt brooches, why silks and tulle bonnets and gilt brooches they will wear. But parasols are dear to their hearts for an additional and more precious reason. True, they are not really so childish as to suppose that by warding off the sun for some hour or two in the week, they will really save either eyes or complexions from any appreciable fraction of exposure. If they thought that, they would not be so fond as they are of standing at the gate, completely unprotected, on ordinary summer afternoons, to pick up chance gossip, and watch any chance carriage roll through the village. No, the special charm of the parasol in these cases is the vivid suggestion it carries to the imagination of its owner of possible worlds in which she might live in *actual* need of this article, — worlds in which all those delicate susceptibilities to pain or annoyance which the parasol is adapted to keep uninjured might exist in her, though they do not. In short, the parasol to maid-servants or farmers' girls is an imaginative plaything, a sort of dramatic toy, which brings closer to them the possibility of having been placed in a sphere of life in which they would have a number of feelings which they have not got, but which they think marks of a finer organization and a more delicate nature, which, in short, they regard as signs of caste, and which it is not, therefore, in human nature to despise. In fact, the parasol thus used is to those who use it much what a bit of whipcord is to a child when he harnesses a chair and makes believe it is a horse, — a little dramatic property that slightly assists the illusion, and lifts the fancy for the time into a fairer region than the actual. How nice it would be to be personally sensitive to the least glare and exposure, and to be able to take anxious thought for your tenderest susceptibilities of this sort, and to feel a sort of shudder at the open air and morning sun, as if one were a delicate flower! That

is, we take it, the secret of the special charm of maid-servants' parasols as a Sunday appurtenance, — one quite different in kind from the love of mere ornament or the love of mere expense. Love of mere ornament and of mere expense can be justified better in other ways. The parasol is a comparatively unornamental and inexpensive appendage, whose value consists precisely in guarding the bearer against evils which she does not feel. But that is the triumph of it, that she does conceive in some faint and obscure way, as she puts it up and overshadows her embrowned complexion and her not too tender eyes, for the only hour in the 168 hours of the week when it would occur to her to seek this interposing shade, that she, too, might have been one, had Providence been sufficiently generous, to miss keenly this artificial aid which she is not too poor to procure. All she really regrets in fact is, that, with her power to supply this deficiency if she had felt it, she has not the power to procure for herself the full sense of deficiency. She is happy in being able to purchase the satisfaction. She would be happier if she could also purchase the want.

But rustic girls and maid-servants are by no means the only persons who carry such Sunday parasols. There are plenty of us who like to procure for ourselves dramatically a share in susceptibilities which personally we do not feel, by anticipating their demands, as it were, and assuming, for a few moments rather arbitrarily selected in a life of complete indifference to such susceptibilities, that we are so constituted as to stand in constant need of a shade or shelter which is, except for an interesting dramatic fiction, quite unfelt by us. A great deal of the pretense of artistic and literary taste in people who, when in earnest, may be seen, by genuine preference, to avoid both art and literature, is absolutely of the Sunday-parasol kind, a periodic ceremonial observance, which has a charm of its own, — not that, however, of satisfying any existing want, but of giving a sort of speciousness and plausibility to the notion that such a want might, under some circumstances, be really felt. At least half the books and pictures in the world, probably much more than half, are bought either by or for people who like them a great deal better for the sort of tastes and interests which such purchases suggest and seem to assume, than for any which they really imply.

Whether you care for Millais and Poynter, or Tennyson and Arnold, or George

Elliot and Thackeray, or not, you feel not, indeed, bound to society, — that is not the point, for Sunday parasols are not carried half as much out of deference to society as out of common self-respect — but bound to *yourself* to enter dramatically in heart into the position of caring for them. If we don't actually feel the sultriness and dustiness of common life, so as to need the shade of imaginative works beneath which we may rest our soul, we do at least feel that such a need implies a more delicate mental constitution, which it would be well to have; and that the least we can do is to devote now and then a stray hour or two to doing what we should do, if we had it, so that we may, at least, seem not quite alien creatures from those who have such a mental constitution. Half the interest assumed in literature and art is not so much assumed for social display, as to dignify ourselves in our own eyes by impersonating for a moment, now and then, the sort of creature which we like to think ourselves capable of becoming, — or, at least, in different circumstances, of having become. Look at half the women and very many of the men in the Royal Academy, and you will see no real interest in their eyes of that kind which Mr. Arnold indicates when he speaks of art composed or criticized with the "eye on the object," for the eye is not on the object. You see that half the eyes of the spectators, more than half the eyes, are really only open to a small proportion of the impressions which they might receive in the time; — that they are suffused with that peculiar lack-lustre which says, as plainly as words could say, that the mind is not in the glance, but only congratulating itself on its comparatively near approach to the condition of those whose mind really is in the glance. And with British visitors to foreign picture galleries this is even more notable. Numbers of them go to keep up their own self-respect, and like the maid-servant with her Sunday parasol, they would give a great deal more if they could only feel the want as easily as they can satisfy it.

But perhaps the most remarkable case of Sunday parasols is the periodic fiction which so many (and again, we fancy, more women than men, but also literary men not a few) make of needing some satisfaction for "the infinite side of human nature," in cases when almost every action of their ordinary lives, except these rare periodic symbolic actions, proves that they are entirely insensible to the fact that there is "an infinite side to human nature." Peo-

ple who prefer to be ever buffeting with the dust-storms of earth, and never shrink from them for a moment, however full all the crevices of their nature may get with that dust, all the week, parade their dainty little bits of *parasolles*,—as we might call the religious machinery for shutting out earth for a few moments from our view and leaving us open to the true sun of heaven,—with a really sentimental feeling of gratification at belonging to the race which now and then feels the need of such machinery. No housemaid feels a more sentimental gratification when the pretty silk screen intervenes between herself and the Sunday glare which she would rather like than otherwise, if it were not ladylike to dislike it,—than you can see expressed in many persons' Sunday faces to whom worship is by no means a social ostentation or hypocrisy, but to whom it is also any thing but a real want. What they like it for is just what the housemaid likes her parasol for,—that it suggests very vividly to them how near they are to a race of beings with immortal desires,—so near that they can procure all that which immortal souls thirst after, though it may be without thirsting after it. From Monday till Saturday the notion of needing any Redeemer probably never occurs in any thing but the most formal way, and yet it is for what we do from Monday till Saturday, in most cases, that we do need redeeming. Then, on the Sunday there comes a refreshing sense that, after all, we belong to this race of great sins, and great passions, and great virtues, and great hopes, for whom there has been a divine education from the beginning, for whom Christ came from heaven, for whose salvation all creation travailed with groanings that could not be uttered. What a new and ornamental crown to the human race is such a creed as that! Or, if the school of thought be more sceptical, and instead of the face of Christ, it is "the infinite verities" and "everlasting facts of Nature" which now and then shine through the cloud of material things, the attitude of mind is not very different. All the same it is as a tribute to our species, and as a sort of pledge to ourselves that we really belong to that species, that so many of us go through at intervals a series of actions and con over a number of thoughts, which we should only brush out of our way as interfering with the actual business of life at any other time. A great deal of what is commonly supposed to be vain show and social ostentation, is, we are quite convinced like the maid-servant's parasol, not really of

that nature at all, but a sort of mute assertion of our abstract right to reckon ourselves as included in a species with the natural history of which we have, as a matter of personal experience, exceedingly little proof of relationship. We put in a periodical claim, as it were, to have, potentially at least, all the feelings and susceptibilities which some of our noblest fellow-creatures have shown to be real and powerful. But this periodical claim, while it seems to bar the right to exclude us from the higher qualities of our fellow-men, has too often only the effect of keeping us quite easy, while these potential higher qualities are really slipping nearly out of our reach.

From the Saturday Review.

POMPEII. *

DR. DYER, whose admirable work on the topography of Rome we noticed a year and a half ago, deserves the thanks of the public for the talent and industry he has brought to bear upon a subject only second in importance to the Imperial City itself—the history and antiquities of Pompeii. The book in its present form is based on one originally written for the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge between thirty and forty years ago. But so great has been the progress effected since in the excavation of Pompeii that the present compilation may be regarded as almost a new and independent work. Besides consulting carefully the best and most recent authorities, the author made frequent visits to Pompeii during a residence at Naples in the winter of 1865–6, and was thus enabled to correct his previous compilations by the aid of impressions gained while the process of exhumation was still fresh, or in progress before his eyes. The result is naturally to throw into the description an air of freshness and reality which was hardly possible in the case of sites or edifices so well worn as those of Rome.

To those who have not access to the large and costly illustrations of the Niccolini, or to the careful plans and monographs of the Commendatore Fiorelli, the present able and indefatigable director of the excavations, the little volume before us will present in a moderate compass, and in a very readable shape, the leading points of recent

* *Pompeii: its History, Buildings and Antiquities*, &c. Edited by Thomas H. Dyer, LL.D. London: Bell & Daldy. 1867.

discovery, together with the conclusions of the best and latest archaeologists upon the questions of art or history thence arising. A summary of the literature connected with Pompeii enables the reader to follow the track of discovery from the outset a century ago, and to pursue his studies by the light of the most approved authorities at every point. While serving as a succinct history of the progress of excavation, the book is so arranged as to form a complete and handy guide for the use of visitors on the spot. The process of excavation carried on by fits and starts for more than a century, until pursued with some system and energy by the present administration, has resulted in laying open to view, up to the present time, a third part or so of the presumed area of the city, which originally comprised about one hundred and sixty acres. Its circuit was about two miles in extent, of an oval shape, the apex lying in the direction of the amphitheatre, or towards the south-east. The excavated part lying towards the western side seems to have been that which contained the principal public buildings — the forum, the basilica, the theatres, the public baths, and the most conspicuous temples. It is scarcely to be hoped, in consequence, that the labours of future generations of excavators will be rewarded by any sensation equal to that produced in the years 1824 and 1858 by the discovery of the spacious and elegant thermæ. Still there may remain work for our great-grandsons, with any amount of recompense in treasures of art, or possibly of literature. Considering, too, that the most spacious and costly of private dwellings, the house of Diomedes, lies beyond the walls, there is scarcely a limit to the area within which patient research may look for its harvest, particularly since the new and energetic directorate does so much to guide the steps of the excavator, and to preserve the products of his toil. As it is, we are often left to sigh over the loss or waste of objects which the amount of intelligence and skill now at hand would most assuredly have spared to us.

The style of the earliest remains found in Pompeii does much to bear out the legendary or half-mythical notices which assign to this town, as well as to its neighbour and fellow-victim, Herculaneum, a Greek origin. To what date we are to attribute the Oscan occupation spoken of by Strabo, and whether we are to follow him in identifying that people with the Tyrrhenians or Pelasgians, may be open to doubt. At an early though uncertain period, Cumæ was certainly

founded by a colony from Chalcis, in Eubœa; and Parthenope, afterwards Neapolis, now Naples, was an offshoot from thence. The name of Pompeii may be held decisive of its Greek origin, though we need not commit ourselves to the etymology of Solinus in tracing it to *πομπή*, in allusion to the expedition of Hercules. The masonry of the city is in parts identical with that in use in early Greek fortifications, and characters have been met with upon some of the stones which are described by Mazois as either Oscan or early forms of the Greek alphabet. The lower portions of the wall are of the rough and irregular kind called by the ancients *opus incertum*, while the upper and most modern portions are composed of the *isodomum*, or more regular courses of Greek work. Like the most ancient fortresses of Greece, those of Tiryns and Mycenæ, they were without towers, which seem to have been inserted at regular intervals during the Roman period. The gates — of which seven are traceable, besides what is called the *Porta della marina*, on the western side, now the principal entrance — are of Roman construction. In the area of the *forum triangulare*, on the west side of the larger theatre, are the remains of a temple much dilapidated, of unquestionably Greek character. The capitals of the columns are of Greek Doric, of which order is also the small monopteral building close at hand, covering a *puteal*, from whence the water required in the temple was drawn. This temple, which from its situation, size, arrangement, and style of art, is one of the most important buildings in Pompeii, is dated by the Cœnat de Clarac as early as the eighth century B.C. It must in that case be regarded as one of the most ancient specimens of Greek art extant, and must have been erected by the Greek colonists long before the subjugation of the city by the Romans. It is supposed to have been dedicated to Hercules. It is thought that the basement of the temples both of Jupiter and Venus may be likewise of Greek construction. The greater number of the public buildings, however, are of Roman date, or at all events have been modified or rebuilt by Romans, as the inscriptions in many cases testify. The theatres and amphitheatre, the baths, and triumphal arches, are entirely of this most recent order. The forum, with its splendid colonnades, has been carried down by Overbeck as possibly later even than the earthquake of 63 A.D. These buildings will be found minutely described in Dr. Dyer's pages, with the aid of admirable woodcuts

of their present state and occasional restorations of much skill and taste.

The second part of the volume treats of the domestic architecture of Pompeii as illustrated by its private houses, shops, and the works of art and utility found in them. The reader is thus enabled to realize with extreme vividness the ordinary daily life of a Roman city. Among other objects of new and curious interest we may mention the characteristic signs which mark out the various shops, taverns, and places of business. These are in some cases figured in baked clay and coloured, in others painted on the walls. Over a wine-shop, two men carry an amphora slung on a pole. Over another, a goat is supposed to indicate the trade of a milkman. Here a large statue of Priapus points out the shop of an amulet-maker. A rude painting of two men fighting, while the master stands by holding a laurel crown, marks a fencing establishment, or school of gladiators. A painting of one boy horsed on another's back, and undergoing flagellation, is an ominous indication that the schoolmaster was there at home. An inn in the newly-discovered *Via del Lupanare* bore the sign of an elephant enveloped by a large serpent, and tended by a pigmy. This no longer exists. On the door-posts of another tavern were painted some checkers. Into the edifice of ill repute which gave its name to that street, the writer, for obvious reasons, forbears to conduct his readers. That a similar degree of caution was not unknown at the time when the golden youth of Pompeii might plead the authority of Cato for venturing within those dangerous precincts, we have a highly curious proof. On the walls of a villa hard by the *forum Boarium*, or cattle-market, was found an inscription, by way of advertisement, to the effect that "on the estate of Julia Felix, daughter of Spurius, are to let a bath, a *venereum*, nine hundred shops, with booths and garrets, for a term of five continuous years from the first to the sixth of the ides of August." The notice concludes with the formula S. Q. D. L. E. N. C., which is taken by Romanelli to stand for *si quis domi lenocinium exerceat ne conducit* — "let no one apply who keeps a brothel." We get many a curious insight into the common or lower life of Pompeians from the numerous *graffiti*, or rude scratchings and scribbings in chalk or paint, with which the walls abound. Many a party cry or political dislike, or even the rough Fescennine chaff of the streets, has here come down to us in expressive, though often very dubious, Latinity, or is embodied in

outlines of rude but often highly grotesque art. A more than common refinement of taste is met with when, in the back-room of a *thermopolium*, is scrawled the first line of the *Æneid*. Perhaps, of all the relics of eighteen centuries here laid bare, what most touches the feelings is the reproduction in plaster of the group of bodies found in the year 1863. By the skill of Signor Fiorelli in filling up the cavity left in the soft *lapilli* by the decay of these human forms, the figures are moulded in all the ghastly reality of the death-struggle. In the pair engraved by Dr. Dyer, which is probably familiar to many of our readers as a stereoscopic group, the profile of the young girl is plainly to be traced. Her little hands clench her veil round her head in the last struggle to keep the mouth free, while her feet are drawn up in agony. The smooth young skin looks in the plaster like polished marble. The woman, probably the mother, who lies feet to feet with her, lies quietly on her side. Her arm hangs loosely down. Her finger still bears her coarse iron ring. Besides this group, Nicolini gives the figure of a man of the lower classes, perhaps a soldier, of colossal size, who had laid himself down calmly on his back to await death. "His dress consists of a short coat or jerkin, and tight-fitting breeches of some coarse stuff, perhaps leather. Heavy sandals, with soles studded with nails, are laced tightly round his ankles. On one finger is seen his iron ring. His features are strongly marked, the mouth open as in death. Some of the teeth still remain, and even part of the moustache adheres to the plaster." We are sorry to find the affecting story of the sentry found erect in his box, still grasping his lance, dismissed as a fable. Much doubt has been attached to the recent report of an amphora of stone having been met with, closely sealed, half full of water. It may be remarked, however, that the bronze cock of a water-pipe was found at Capri in which the metal joints had been hermetically closed by rust for seventeen or eighteen centuries, yet which, on being shaken, gives audible proof of the water being still unabsorbed within. It may be added that the numerous metal-pipes met with in Pompeii, together with the general arrangements of the fountains, place beyond doubt the fact, which has so frequently been questioned, that the property of water to find its level was well known at that epoch.

It has naturally been throughout a question of the liveliest interest whether Pompeii might be found to yield any trace of

the new religion pushing its way among the inmates of the classical Pantheon. On this important point the ruins have hitherto been silent. The only indication of Christianity which has even been held plausible depends upon an unsatisfactory story told by Mazois.

In one of the row of small shops extending along one side of the so-called house of Pansa, when newly-discovered, there was found on the wall of the passage leading to the *posticum* a Latin cross marked in bas-relief upon a panel of white stucco. This wall, being at the end of the passage, and directly facing the street, was in full view of the passers-by. On this symbol, Mazois founded the conjecture that the owner of the shop was a Christian. No vestige of the cross now remains, and we find it difficult, with Dr. Dyer, to conceive, even were the cross in use at that time among Christians, that any one should have ventured to exhibit that sign of the religion so publicly as this. Mazois himself, too, was puzzled to account for the juxtaposition of this symbol with the ordinary Pagan emblems. Could the same man at once bow before the cross of Christ, and pay homage to Janus, Ferulus, Limentinus, Cardia, the deities of the thresholds and the hinges of doors? Still more, could he adore it in combination with the guardian serpents of Esculapius, or with the obscene emblem of an incomprehensible worship, possibly Orphic or Mithraic, which is over the hearth. The Commendatore Fiorelli explicitly denies that any Christian symbols have been discovered at Pompeii. "It is said, indeed," writes Dr. Dyer, "that in a house in this *Via del Lupanare* may be traced written in charcoal a *graffito* with the letters, . . NI GAUDII. . . HRISTIANI; which have with so slight probability been supplemented *igni gaude, Christiane* ("rejoice in the fire, Christian.") Dr. Dyer has clearly not seen this inscription himself, and neither the reading itself nor the interpretation seems to us at all satisfactory. If rightly read, the words proceeded at all events from a Pagan, and they may have reference, Dr. Dyer suggests, to the burning of Christians at Rome in the time of Nero. They are as likely to refer to the charge of setting Rome on fire brought against the Christians. We should like more direct evidence of the basis of the whole story. Evidences of Egyptian worship are not unfrequent. An elegant temple disinterred next to that of Esculapius is shown by an inscription over the entrance to have been dedicated to Isis, to have been overthrown by an earthquake,

and to have been restored by Numerius (or Nonnius) Popidius Celsinus, at his own expense. This earthquake was probably that of the year 63 A.D., sixteen years before the destruction of the city. From this temple were taken the famous Isiac table of basalt now in the Museum at Naples. This fine relief contains fourteen figures, thirteen of which are turned towards the first, which is supposed to represent Osiris. Beneath are twenty-five lines of hieroglyphics, which have been interpreted by M. Champollion *filis* to be an invocation of Osiris or Isis. It is, however, denounced by Overbeck as a sham. In a niche on the court wall fronting the temple stood a painted figure of Sigaleon or Harpocrates, otherwise called Orus, the son of Osiris. Beneath this was a shelf, intended perhaps to receive offerings, and under it a board supposed to be for the knees of the worshippers. In another part of the court was found a beautiful statue of Isis, with the *sistrum* and the key of the Nile sluices, her drapery painted purple, and in part gilt. From several of the pictures and bas-reliefs we obtain interesting evidence of the influence exercised by classic symbolism upon Christian art. An instance of this occurs in the ugly conventional glory with which the heads of sacred personages are commonly encircled. This usage was borrowed by the Italian painters from the Greek artists of the lower Empire, in whose paintings it generally assumes the appearance of a solid plate of gold. In a small house at Pompeii, decorated with subjects from the *Odyssey*, a painting of Ulysses and Circe was copied by Mazois in 1812, which is remarkable as exhibiting the head of Circe crowned with a halo of aureole of this precise kind. The outer limb or circumference is solidly and sharply defined, not shaded off, and divided into rays, as we usually see it in works of the Italian school. This painting has since perished. A similar aureole surrounds the grand figure of Jupiter in the house of Zephyrus and Flora. The god is here sitting in a contemplative attitude, the eagle at his feet, and his golden sceptre in his hand. His mantle is of violet colour, and lined with azure, the throne and footstool are golden, ornamented with precious stones, a green drapery covering the back of the throne. These pictures, like most of those discovered at Pompeii, were executed on the plaster of the wall. It appears, however, that movable pictures were not unknown. In the handsome house in the street of Stabiae, excavated in 1847, and assigned on the evidence of an inscription to

M. Lucretius, a Flamen of Mars and Decurio of Pompeii, the walls of the *tablinum* are painted with architectural subjects. Among these are spaces for two large paintings, which have either been carried away, or had not yet been fixed in their places when Pompeii was overwhelmed. A full account of the principal paintings and sculptures, together with a critical discussion of the methods and materials in use among the artists of the age, is given by Dr. Dyer. Of these, the noblest mosaic is beyond comparison that discovered in the house of the Faun, not less than 18 feet long by 9 broad, supposed to represent one of the battles of Alexander and Darius, probably that at the Issus. Few paintings of any age can excel in fire and animation the celebrated head of Achilles giving up Briseis, in the house of the tragic poet. And statuettes like those of the dancing Faun, the Silenus, and those of sundry animal figures, are not surpassed by the finest remains of classic art. We lay down Dr. Dyer's work with regret at not being able to afford space for a more complete epitome of its multifarious points of interest.

AMUSEMENTS. — For instance, it is no doubt quite as easy to play at chess for money as to play at whist for money; but people who want the excitement of gambling are impatient of the tedious length to which the one game often extends, and prefer the more rapid movement of the other. The two games are equally games of skill, and require an equal amount, though a different kind, of intellectual effort; but by the one a clever player may win a good number of sixpences or half-crowns in an evening, while the other is too solemn and slow to be made subordinate to the pecuniary profits of success. Professionals may play for a heavy stake, and heavy bets may be laid on the rival players as the fortunes of the game ebb and flow; but under ordinary circumstances chess is not a convenient disguise for gambling. This is probably the reason that a chess-board may be found in hundreds of houses where the difference between spades and diamonds is quite unknown. There can be no more harm in playing with pieces of coloured pasteboard than with pieces of carved ivory; but cards have been always associated with gambling, and chess has not. Nor is it difficult to explain why bagatelle is allowed, and billiards are forbidden. A billiard table is a large and costly piece of furniture. It needs a room for itself, and a room such as few families belonging to the middle classes have ever been able to spare for the purpose. It must be treated as tender-

ly as a new-born infant — kept in an unvarying temperature, if it is to be of any real use. To play at billiards, therefore, people have had to go to a public table, and generally to an hotel. The game has come to be associated with late hours and brandy and water. Public playing has brought gambling with it. But bagatelle boards, sufficiently accurate to afford considerable amusement, are cheap enough to be within the reach of persons of very moderate means; and they have been made of a form and size which render a special room unnecessary. Bagatelle, therefore, has been dissociated from the evils which have given an evil name to billiards; it has made home pleasant; the girls and boys have played with their father. While the nobler game has lost its reputation from bad company, the inferior game has kept its honour almost stainless. Again: there are large numbers of good people who look kindly upon the rod and the line, though they regard a man that carries a gun (unless he happens to be an African missionary or a Western settler) as belonging to the devil's regiment. How is this? Has Izaak Walton made all the difference? Would shooting have been as innocent as fishing, if its praises had been sung by a spirit as pure and simple as that of the biographer of the saintly George Herbert? Hardly. Perhaps the root of the distinction lies in this — that men commonly go alone to the river, and in parties to the stubble. The angler is generally a quiet, meditative man; he is silent, solitary, and gentle; he "handles his worm tenderly;" half his enjoyment lies in penetrating into the secret places of Nature, in surprising her shy and hidden beauties, in watching the pleasant wooing which is always going on in shady places in summer time between the murmuring, rippling waters, and the ash, the beech, and the willow, which stoop to kiss them as they pass. He loves stillness and peace. The country parson may think over his text while his float drifts lazily with the current, or while he wanders by the stream watching for the silver flashes which tempt him to throw his fly. The men that delight to hear the whirr of the partridge are generally of another sort. Anyhow, September brings shooting dinners as well as birds; and with many people heavy drinking is inseparably associated with heavy bags of game. They do not object to eat the partridges when they are shot; but they have the impression that the men who shoot them are a roystering, rollicking set, with whom it is undesirable that their sons should be too intimate. All this is rapidly changing; in many parts of the country it has quite disappeared; but I am inclined to think — speaking of those whom I know best — that though a Nonconformist minister, with a cast of flies on his hat, and a rod on his shoulder, would feel no shyness at meeting accidentally the very gravest of his deacons, he would rather be on the other side of the hedge if he happened to have on his gaiters, and to be carrying his gun. — *Good Words*.